

MACLEAN'S

AL-QAEDA STRIKES BACK
With bedlam in Baghdad,
Mideast troubles get worse

Q&A: DAN O'NEILL
Molson's CEO on beer
and what's in his fridge

EDIFICE REX
Jonathan Durbin deconstructs
architect Daniel Libeskind

UNDERSTANDING GENDER

When it comes to the sexes, we are
what we are **BY KEN MACQUEEN**

And sometimes we're both
BY SHARON DOYLE DRIEDGER



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THE LONG WAY HOME

Quebec's painful, bitter language wars seem to be over—and both sides won

IN MONTREAL overnight last week, I took a detour on my way downtown to drive through my old neighbourhood. It was a great place in which to grow up: a community that combined modestly upscale settings with grime, more downtown charm, and a mix of different ethnic backgrounds—although the common language was resolutely English. It's since changed in many ways—and as a result, it almost certainly is even better, more interesting place now than when I left two decades ago. Then, local restaurant options ran the gamut from beef dogs to hamburger joints; now, as a six-block stretch where a tavern once provided the only solace, more than half a dozen restaurants reflect tastes from around the globe. There's a healthy feel to some streets that used to look homogeneous, and, as a guest, at least half a dozen languages are spoken on the streets alongside English—and French. And yet, amid such changes, the area retains most of the same qualities that I loved.

The same is true these days about all of Montreal, a city in full bloom again. It's not quite as easy to be a tourist in this city as Quebec, but let's do so anyway: the language wars appear over—and both sides, French- and English-speaking, won. One example is the event I attended that night: the Woodrow Wilson Dinner, at which the Washington-based historian honored Paul Desmarais and Brian Mulroney for their overall contributions achieved in, respectively, the private and public sector. Desmarais, a francophone, and Mulroney, an anglophone, have spent their lives moving effortlessly from one language to the other, so they did in their speeches that night. The same was true of other speakers, along with the 900 or so guests in their conversations.

To appreciate how remarkable that is, it helps to have lived in Montreal at any time within the past three decades or so: for most of that period, such basic choices in to whether to say hello or wait to strangers awaited important political decisions. But as a general rule these days, most Montreal

angels, especially those under the age of 50, are happy to speak French—because they can, quite well—and, similarly, francophones don't mind speaking English because it's a choice, not a requirement; the primacy of the majority language is long-standing and clearly established.

There's another reason why old quarrels seem to dim—and that's the changing nature of the lives taking form in the dialogue. Terry (Mark) Mosher, our cartoon editor, had a classic cartoon years ago in which one of his characters remarked that arguments between French and English were simple and straightforward when it was just "tu, toi, and the book."

Now, federal census figures released last week show that Quebec's population includes more than 180,000 Muslims, 47,000 Buddhists, and about 25,000 Hindus—many of them recently arrived, and many of them settled in Montreal. Debates over the last decade of education for immigrants were at the heart of Quebec's linguistic wars in the 1960s and '70s. Since then, with new arrivals obliged to attend French schools, many also learn English, so that they speak three languages fluently. Since many of them settle in the heart of the city, they've become a bridge between the traditionally anglo-west and traditionally franco-east end. In short, immigrants have gone from being unwelcome objects of a tug-of-war between English and French to becoming, instead, role models for both communities. That's all changed from the days when I was a kid, which proves the old saw that you can't go home again. In this instance, that's a good thing.

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MACLEAN'S

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"This is the last chance for Canada to stay in one piece, if Ottawa screws it up one more time, B.C. will leave before Québec can spell referendum." —ROBERT SAINT-JACQUES, *Supr. Hockey, B.C.*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: letters@maclean.ca

Summer holidays

Finally, a Canadian magazine that understands that the country doesn't end in Hudson. I am so glad you included the Great Northern Peninsula of Newfoundland in your "Eight great escapes: essential guide to reimagined in Canada" (Cover, May 12). I was born in Ontario, but my family is from that region and I have spent more time there than part of the world. Since the cool climate, tourism is an iron industry, so I hope this article attracts more visitors. This is a truly magnificent place.

Joanne Phipps, *Stouffville, Ont.*

My first reaction to seeing Missis Basin, N.S., listed as one of the eight great Canadian places to visit was both pleasantly surprised and proud. After reading your item, however, I was badly disappointed. Missis Basin is indeed where your story shows it is, but none of the statements that you mention is located along the shores of Missis Basin! The shellfish are all wonderful and certainly pleasant that I take visitors to, but Deputy and Annapolis Royal are on the Annapolis Basin, and River Island is on the southwestern end of the Bay of Fundy, far from Missis Basin. Missis Basin has numerous places of its own worth visiting. How about a hike up Cape Blomidon, from where you can see the magnificent tidal whorls? How about a bicycle ride along the Acadia dunes that run all along Missis Basin with a stop at Grand Pré National Historic Site, which commemorates Acadian life and the expulsion of the Acadians from that very spot in 1755? How about spending a couple nights in Wolfville and attending a few plays at the amazingly successful Atlantic Theatre Festival? How about watching the tidal bore on the St. Croix River? Come on, *Maclean's*!

Elizabeth Rogers, *Wolfville, N.S.*

Casualties of war

If Prof. Houchang Hamezian really believes that war was prior to the Second World War "was fought among soldiers" so the eradication of civilians, he needs a serious re-



educational lesson in history ("A grim tale on the innocent," *Children and War*, May 12). To cite but one example: the Thirty Year War (1618-1648) ravaged much of Germany, resulting in the deaths of at least one million civilians, the obliteration of several Europe's farmlands and destruction of several thousand villages. The difference between now and then is that now new clean-cut boys kill from a safe distance, then—in terms I come today—it was done at close quarters where you saw your victim.

Leslie Abbott, *Malton, Ont.*

Potholes, sewers and bridges

In "Cities under stress" (Column, May 12), Mary Jurigan states that federal Transport Minister David Colquhoun is on the defensive with his claims that Ottawa has contributed to "once good" such as affordable housing and the fight against homelessness. That's not the problem. Despite strong commitments in the 2001 Liberal Red Book, the 2002 Throne Speech and the Caucus Task Force on Urban Issues, the February federal budget had little for establishing city infrastructure. The budget commitment of \$230 million over the next two years fell far short of the more than \$30 billion needed for infrastructure repairs. After his speech, Finance Minister John

Manley said this was a "down payment." Thank heaven! Canadian municipal governments must see the next installment.

James W. Knight, *Chief Executive Officer, Federation of Canadian Municipalities, Ottawa*

Champlain revised

Peter Marshall is not at his best in his casual endorsement of a new book about Samuel de Champlain's dealings with the indigenous peoples ("What Champlain did," *Marshall on the Record*, May 12). "By reaching out to form alliances with various Indian peoples, by respecting their culture, and self-selling religion," Champlain is seen by the non-Native author of the book—and, apparently, Marshall—to have been more admirable than the "big losers, missionaries, soldiers, and governments who followed him." Renowned Native historian Olive Dickason could have told Marshall about Champlain's key role in developing a fur trade that pitted Indian nations against one another and began the process of erasing their traditional lifestyles. She could have also told him that Champlain refused to trade with Indians unless they permitted missionaries and Jesuits to preach Christianity in their territories. He encouraged intermarriage of French settlers and Indians, on the condition that the brides convert to Catholicism. You might say that Champlain was really the father of the assimilationist policies pursued by Canada two centuries later, and for which the federal government is used an official apology in 1998.

Maurice Sully, *Director of Communications, Union of Ontario Indians, North Bay, Ont.*

As a Métis journalist, it is refreshing to read an article that describes learning involving Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal peoples as not a one-way street from the non-Aboriginal to the Aboriginal.

Joyce Atkinson, *Ottawa*

Reserves were a bad idea at their time of inception and they are still a bad idea today. Any group of people living in an area where employment is not available will suffer social problems. In the case of northern reserves, isolation serves as a further depressant. Billions are poured of money are required to support people in these locations, and to what purpose? Segregation doesn't help anyone. So, as Peter Marshall suggested,

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"problematic period, and carry on from generation to generation," and such will be the case as long as we support groups of people where they have no purpose.

David Murphy, Sydney, Ont.

Playing in the big leagues

Two things about "Victims on and off the ice" on the future of hockey's Ottawa Senators (Business, May 12). First, you cite the city of Ottawa's population (in "Then there's the question of whether Ottawa, with a population of 775,000, can play in the 'big leagues'", rather than the 1.1 million population of the entire metropolitan area, which includes Hull and Gatineau, Que. Second, Ottawa has not one, as you say, but two big-league teams like virtually all major Canadian cities—the Ottawa Renegades CFL football team being the second. Or are you not including the CFL as the "big leagues"?

Richard Perleth, Ottawa

Separation will never die

In response to Peter C. Newman's article "Advice to separatists?" (May 12), let me tell you, Quebec separatism is here to stay. They are going to stay for one reason: Ottawa politicians were never smart enough to understand why three million Quebecers want to separate. If three million of us are willing to vote as never, could it be because something is wrong in this federal time? If something goes wrong within your family, shouldn't you listen or try to understand why? They say Canada is a bilingual country. Then why is it that most of the cities when I try to be served in French at federal institutions are made Quebec. I get a response like, "Sorry, no French speaking agents available at the moment." We think we're too far at home in this country? Dominique Nard, Montreal

I disagree with Benoit Achin in "No more separatist anxiety" (April 28). No matter what happens inside Quebec politically, there will still be tense relations with the rest of Canada. Jean Charest's election can't change the fact that Quebec is still the only province that has not signed the Quebec Act of 2002. Many people in Quebec still feel that everything is being done for English Canada and they worry about being assimilated into English culture. Even if I am wrong and things do settle down in



Quebec, separation is still a serious question in Canada. There is also "separatist anxiety" in the western provinces. One change that could get Alberta and British Columbia on board with Canada is to give them more say in Parliament. This can be done by making the Senate based on equal provincial representation.

Melinda Fiedler, Houston

Love and marriage

Marriage has always been the bonding together of a man and a woman with the usual desire to reproduce. "Gay and ready to marry" (Issue, May 5). This has been wrong since by all societies and all religions down through the centuries. If two people of the same sex form a union, it is not to reproduce, but to form a partnership for sharing life. This is close to the idea of marriage. It should never be considered to be same as a marriage. Alden E. Wolter, Peoria, Ill.

Homosexual unions should be kept out of the couples involved in gay relationships will have the same rights and penalties regarding property, divorce settlements, etc., as married couples. However, in order for gay marriages to be acceptable to the general public, homosexuals will have to come up with new words to describe their unions. The terms marriage, husband, wife, spouse, fiancé and homosexual should be reserved for heterosexual couples only.

William Redford, Toronto

How is threatening anyone when a same-sex couple can be married legally? We should all be happy that couples have found their soulmates and find hope in their love.

Larissa Teoh, Houston

I ask myself, "Why do gay and lesbian couples want to get married?" After all, most mainstream churches have not been so warmly welcoming. Homosexual couples have the same rights as heterosexual couples under the law, they can still have a celebration—why the push for a wedding? Could it be, perhaps, that the ceremony has a powerful meaning for them? In our society, where most heterosexual weddings have become mostly a way to display splendour and good taste (or lack thereof), I find it refreshing to know that some couples somehow find a deeper meaning to the whole thing. Who are we to deny that?

Lalonde Kluge, Sydney, Ont.

Pit bull personality

I was so touched by "A woman's best friend" (Over to You, May 5) that I cried. Like Hans Gerstner, I, too, had finally meeting me as if I had two heads—what was I thinking to get a dog in the first place and a pit bull, no less. My oldest daughter refused to visit with my grandchildren because my dog would surely kill them. If only people would stop stereotyping. "Follow the silver, sweetest and mean leaving dog. She has given me so much joy and love, and I find it so soothing to have her flap her head on my knee, and to pet her." Thank you to Gerstner—one hopes this article will educate the numerous people who think pit bulls are nothing but killers. Debbie Saldaña, Toronto Ont.

We don't like being lied to

Paul Gillson asked Canadians for not helping the U.S. attack Iraq because of its so-called threat to the U.S. Shame on him. In spite of the rhetoric from the President and his administration, the fact of the matter is that the United States of America was not under attack in the early spring of 2003. As it turns out (and as many Canadians strongly suspected), the U.S. was not even under threat of attack from Iraq; apparently no serious weapons of mass destruction. As a result of Sept. 11, Canadians will come to the attention of the United States when a real threat is posed to the security of our continent.

Elaine Thompson, Winnipeg

GET IN. GET OUT. GET EVEN.

MARK WAHLBERG
CHARLIZE THERON
EDWARD NORTON

THE ITALIAN JOB

[illegible]

IN THEATRES MAY 30

THEWEEK



Middle East | Enough with the destruction—let the negotiations begin

The stage was set at least for symbolism if not for real negotiation. As Israeli Prime Minister Ariel Sharon and his Palestinian counterpart Mahmoud Abbas prepared for their much-anticipated handshake—the first summit since the Palestinian uprising began 3½ months ago—more than just rough talk was in the air. Abbas was to come with a fresh new team, significantly, long some 10

garrison Sabk Khatim, an ally of yesterday's leader Yasser Arafat, struggled because he wasn't asked along. Abbas also had a surprise endorsement from U.S. Secretary of State Colin Powell, who popped by Jericho to tell Israel to stop dragging its feet on the so-called road map to peace, the Big Powers' proposal for an independent Palestinian state alongside Israel by 2006.

Sharon responded with modest concessions: a release of prisoners and the easing of travel and fishing restrictions on Palestinians in Gaza. But swept aside the symbolism and, sadly, it was pretty much business as usual. Hamas railways fired rockets

at Israel from Gaza while large, angry crowds gathered at mosques to denounce their displacement from the newly formed Jewish state 55 years ago. In response, Israeli tanks ploughed once again into Gaza, seizing a town and killing five people, including a 12-year-old boy and two more. And at week's end, a suicide bomber straggled a few miles in east, killing seven.

That attack came just hours after the Abbas-Rahman meeting. There were hard words in advance. Abbas ally Ahmed Qureih: "There can be no talk about the road map" while military aggression continues. Israeli justice Minister Tommy Lapid: "I'm not sure that it's the right time to make gestures to Palestinians." As it was, the summit failed to narrow the differences between the ar-

posing sides. Israeli public opinion, meanwhile, is all over the map. Just 36 per cent support the peace proposal, with 29 per cent opposed and 33 per cent undecided. Is wait-and-see an option? Or just a recipe for more of the same?

A Palestinian
extends outside her
Gaza Strip home,
destroyed by Israeli
troops, Sharon



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take after public back-
lash. His social view
that female pro Anika
Sorenstam "doesn't
belong" in this week's
Colonial tourney can
run counter to the
restrictions that might
have excluded him
from the once all-
white event at past

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around gold-wire
Canada hockey gold -
over Sweden in world
championships. Fifty
and also broke
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Now experts say
loose's too strong. Hey,
even the moment.

✶ Religion: Census finds decline in adherents of organized religions, but 26,000 Canadians say they're followers of the 'Jedi faith.' Movie-theater theology outpaces mainstream churches. Bodes well, though, for a Canadian role in new Star Wars website defense.

★ Jean Charles: Blames Indefinite Stay in Orlando on Being Obsessed With Obama! MP who lingered overlong in jail: "Participate in world of being a martyr," says PM. This from guy who decided his own last-before date doesn't expire until February 2004.

▼ **Imperial Tobacco:** Supports Ottawa's \$400-million tobacco-control strategy, but says it could be better spent on health initiatives, like flu shots. Or, better yet, on saving Big Tobacco's little friend, the Green Apple.

Quote of the week | "One of our angels is up there." **HEBBA JOHNS**, distraught mother of 30-year-old Holly, whose dismembered body was found near the shores of Lake Ontario, not far from her modest home in Toronto's west end



HORROR IN TEXAS At least 14 migrant workers from Mexico, Honduras, Guatemala, and El Salvador, including a child, died of suffocation and heat exhaustion in a semi-trailer in south-east Texas, about 100 hours from the border with Mexico. Over 100 people had been crammed into the locked trailer, which was discovered by the driver when he noticed the extent of the catastrophe. Police were alerted when a passerby spotted a child waving a hand from a hole. The New York-based driver, a Mexican immigrant, has been arrested. Three others are sought.

WORLD

REINTEGRATING A series of suicide attacks raised high-level calls for al-Qaeda regrouping. At week's end Bin Laden cancelled all flights to and from Kenya after sightings of an al-Qaeda operative in nearby Somalia.

As well as bloodshed in Saudi Arabia and Morocco, suicide bombings also took place in the Republic of Chechnya. There, in a second bomb attack within days, two **Muslim women** posing as journalists worked their way into a religious festival in the town of Tskharkh-Yart and blew themselves up, killing at least 14.

STRUCKDOWN Fiedel Scoppellito, a neighbour of Sinn Féin leader Gerry Adams and the man alleged to be British most important mole inside the IRA, emerged from his long-time refuge to deny he was an informer. The denial followed days of surprise in which Scoppellito, known by the code-name **Strawcliffe**, was caught by newspaper. He claimed to be a victim of a discrimination campaign. The names linked him to at least 40 Irish republican murders over 25 years.

TEXAS DEMOCRACY More than 50 Democratic legislators flew from their home state

and lined up across the border in Oklahoma for four days to prevent governing Republicans from passing a constitutional law to resolve congressional elections. They returned in chartered buses after the bill died for lack of quorum.

SAHARA RESCUE Seventeen European adventure tourists, held for two months in remote desert camps by an extremist Islamic group, were freed by Algerian armed forces following an hours-long gun battle. Fifteen others are still missing and believed to be in one region near Libya.

REINTEGRATING Australian Governor General Peter Hollingworth temporarily stepped down to fight a suit alleging he raped a young woman in the 1960s. The woman committed suicide last month but her lawyers are pressing the case.

IRISHMAN'S STORY Claret Short became the second senior minister to leave Tony Blair's cabinet over Iraq. She said he broke his promise to involve the United Nations in post-war reconstruction.

OUTING Marvin (Marty) Johnson, a 60-year-old church administrator in New York, said she was the 19-year-old victim identified in Robert Dillick's controversial new book *An Unfinished Life*, as having had an 11-month affair with U.S. President John Kennedy. It ended just before Kennedy's assassination in November 1963. Johnson said she was a "huge relief" to acknowledge the relationship and that she was "very naive" at the time.

DEATH RATES Around the world in 2000, 11.6 million died of five causes in many people's wars and for more people concerned and unable than were murdered—except in Africa and the Americas where murder outnumbered murder twice to one, the World Health Organization said.

UPDATES Hunaboyan, former president Carlos Menem withdrew at the last moment from Argentina's runoff election, ending the possibility to **little-known governor** Néstor Kirchner from a runoff against.

The UN wants to send more peacekeepers into the Democratic Republic of Congo, where vicious tribal fighting has killed millions over five years. Britain, France and Canada are considering withdrawing troops.

Nordestinians are not generally denied to modern humans and did not meet with Cao Maguans. DNA research from a team of Italian scientists has concluded.

CANADA

SARS The WHO moved Canada from its list of countries affected by the respiratory illness. The disease also appears to be leveling off in China, where authorities said they might estimate those who disobeyed quarantine, but there were new outbreaks in Taiwan and a reportedly Singapore.

A preliminary report by Health Canada found the spread of SARS among Toronto health-care workers was made worse by fitting face masks considered obsolete in the U.S. Health-care workers represented more than half of Canada's SARS cases.

BUNKYARD ALDERMAN Left-wing councillor Darlene DeHaven, accused of lying to police in Montreal about an alleged abduction, can avoid prosecution if she agrees to pay court costs, psychological counselling and says out of trouble for a year. Montreal prosecutors offered to plea bargain. Her husband, David, said he saw bruises on his wife's body.

SWIMMERS In another blow to Canada's pushed together military, a new submarine bought from Britain was found to have had contamination in the emergency freshwater tank.

BY GRADINE MACLAY

PONDING / IN
LECTION CALL
IN ONT. / Q.



GOLDEN BOY Hockey's newest hero, Toronto's Jason Carter, a winger with the New York Rangers, gets a hug from mom, Vicky. Carter's motherline just won Canada the world hockey championship in Montreal, Belgium. Mother's Day. Carter said people even stayed to congratulate him in Paris, where he spent a few days rising after the tournament.

ART Along with Ben Thomson on post-mortem, which hung anonymously over the TV in a New Hampshire house for decades, sold for \$170,000 at auction. The family that had inherited the work, a sketch of a Georgian Bay cottage where Thomson stayed, had thought of getting rid of it in a garage sale.

POLITICS In yet another decline in vote, Liberal leadership against John Manley accused from summer 2001. Manley of having too many 100s after well-heeled backers like B.C. entrepreneur Jimmy Peterson and Ontario chief Gerry Schwartz acknowledged giving the Manley campaign \$100,000 and \$75,000 respectively. For his part, Manley was accused for accepting campaign money from Ottawa lobbyists.

A Quebec prosecutor dropped fraud charges against former Business Development bank head Ennio Benetton, who had once criticised Prime Minister Jean Charest for trying to **live free in a bank** to a contractor and former business partner of the Prime Minister.

John Charest, Quebec's new Liberal premier, **reversed** to allow municipalities to discontinue themselves from controversial forced mergers by the previous Parti Québécois government. He now says he wants amalgamated communities to try to work things out.

HEALTH Married car, nose and throat specialist Dr. Louis Niquan patented a "new door to the brain." By clearing sinus and nasal membranes through the forehead of a seven-year-old girl with epilepsy.

New American guidelines say patients are at risk for hypertension and existing heart problems when their **blood pressure** exceeds 120 over 80, a standard that may be considered part of the normal range.

Religion | By the numbers

Canada's www.holmbridge.ca Christian faith lists Catholics and Protestants tied to stay together faith over the decade ending 2000—a category that now includes just 10 per cent. At least 20,000 Canadians still **casual** followers they considered themselves followers of the Force. More serious change took place at the rank of Catholics, whose numbers doubled since 1950, and also among those who said they had no religion.

R faith as a percentage of the population

	1991	1996
Roman Catholic	53.0	45.8
Protestant	26.0	26.8
Muslim	2.0	0.8
Jewish	1.1	1.2
Buddhist, Hindu, Sikh	0.0	0.6
No religion	16.0	22.8

Mansbridge on the Record



THE TIMES A-WASTING

A plagiarism scandal gives journalists and readers alike cause for reflection

LIVE! A few months ago, my entire media career had begun to feel like the electronic field I did some radio for a few years, beginning in the late sixties, and then TV. In fact, as I tell young people who come into the business now, when I started in radio, we were still broadcasting news in black and white.

We also had a strange relationship with our content in print. For the most part, they didn't think much of us, especially if, like me, we had no print experience. How could these people with odd-shaped microphones, large cameras and makeup know anything about journalism? So didn't even have us on our hands. Over the years, much of that tension has gone out of the print television orbit, although some walls remain. There's still a sense that, whilst content is made live, we should celebrate content. So in *Wall to Wall* a few weeks ago, I was pleasantly surprised to see radio, TV and print journalists together honoring excellence for the Atlantic Canada Journalism Awards night—an evening of mutual respect.

For the past few months, I've hung part of my hat in the press field through this column, and it's been a real eye-opener. The task is different, demanding, and one that some day I'm determined to master. One difference between print and television is that in my regular job, there's often little doubt of what we speak about—for the most part because we have the actual sounds of the news at hand. It's harder to question something when you can actually see it happening at the same time. In print, the responsibility as the first-hand experience of the journalist on the scene, or in believing those people he or she talked to. Not to mention the fact that some organizations, like this one, are rigorous about fact-checking while others, I'm told, are more concerned about speed.

All this comes to mind with the news from the New York Times about the almost unbelievable way a young journalist named

Joyce Kilie lied and distorted his way through dozens of stories that played prominently in what is regarded as one of the world's great newspapers. The charges range from making up stories to plagiarizing other people's work. What more serious readers who have gone through the filter of what Kilie said is just how easily, and for how long, he got away with it. People have strong feelings about what happens, including those who believe it all has to do with moving into news (Kilie is African American) too quickly through the system to address newsrooms that are still too white. That may well have had something to do with this, but the real truth is, what happened at the Times is not an isolated act.

In the past few years, there have been too many examples in respected news organizations south of the border of similar situations. In Canada, these types of problems either don't happen, or are kept quiet when they do—and are not dealt with unmercifully. I remember when something I had written about Canadian politics for a broadcast 20 years ago appeared almost verbatim under another journalist's byline a few weeks later. I didn't know whether to be flattered or disgusted. I chose the latter but never said anything, although I never looked at that journalist's work the same way again.

How do such things happen? The pressure of deadlines, the desperation for what might look like a fresh angle, even, as strange as it may seem, the desire to show originality—all are contributors. Television has its own problems, but one thing I've learned this year is that print is no walk in the park. These old guys who used to look down their noses at us young, inexperienced TV types 30 years ago may have had something. "They're all about pictures," they used to say, and they were right. Pictures don't lie.

Peter Mansbridge is Chief Correspondent of CBC Television News and Author of *The National*. To comment, write to pjm@cbc.ca.

Passages

DECEASED John Savage became mayor of Denbigh, N.S., in 1985 and Liberal premier in 1991. He resigned four years later after losing his party's confidence, and then focused on AIDS education in Africa. Savage, 70, died of stomach cancer three days after being made an Officer of the Order of Canada.



EXTERMINATED Michel Charlebois, the Prime Minister's youngest son, was found not guilty by a jury on three counts of sexual assault. Charlebois, 24, was accused of forcing sex on a 19-year-old woman.

DEED June Carter Cash was in a country music star in her own right before she married Johnny Cash. The couple often performed together, and the co-writer of her husband's 1963 hit *Ring of Fire*. Carter Cash, 73, died in a Nashville hospital of complications from heart surgery.

PLEADED Klaus Barlakow, former Winnipeg event planner for the 1999 Pan-Am Games, pleaded guilty to seven armed bank robberies that occurred this past winter. Barlakow, 48, used the money to fund a double life he was living in Seattle.

DEED In 1966, Noel Redding was hired to play bass for the Jimi Hendrix Experience. After three hugely successful albums, the British musician left the band to work on his own material. Redding, 57, died at his home in Ireland. The cause of death is not known.

STRIPPED In celebration of Prince William's 21st birthday on June 21, four postage stamps will be released. As well, the Royal Mail is issuing a five pound coin in the Prince's honour.

CANCELLED My Big Fat Greek Life TV show starring Winnipeg native Nia Vardalos and based on the hit movie wrote and starred in, wasn't renewed by CBS.

DEED Actor Robert Stack was still more than 40 films but has graced five more with the '80s TV series *TV Unsubscribable*. Stack, 84, died in his L.A. home of heart failure.

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Fish | Gone the big one

A report last week in the venerable British science journal *Nature* went headline shockwaves around the world by declaring that the deep blue sea is fast becoming as empty as the pen at the Baghdad Zoo. Entitled "Net losses: Industrialized fisheries fish stocks," the magazine's cover story states that "the global ocean has lost more than 90 per cent of large predatory fishes." The authors, Ransom A. Myers and Boris Worm, scientists at Dalhousie University in Halifax, researched the subject for the past 18 years. The sad conclusion, Myers told reporters: "There is no fish greater left."

The study evaluates almost 50 years' worth of data from four continental shelves and seven oceans, including information on Japanese longline catches. After the Second World

War, Myers said, the longlines "used to catch 10 fish per 100 hooks. Now they are lucky to catch one." Commercial fishing has ruined the earth's fish stocks of sharks, tuns, cod, and just about everything else that breathes through gills. The scientists also found that the remaining big fish are half the size they were before industrialized trawling began.

The news hit Atlantic Canada at a particularly sensitive time. Last week, Newfoundland Premier Roger Grimes continued his fight against Ottawa to reopen recently closed local cod fisheries, the last remnants of a once mighty industry. And Newfoundland MPs John Eyles, Bill Matthews and Lawrence O'Brien even threatened to quit the Liberal caucus over Ottawa's handling of the issue. They appeared to be caught after Jean Chrétien criticized his plan to increase the lucrative shrimp quota in the sea-so affected,

A smoothie on the dock at Gasparitas, Miramichi, in 1998. A much more prime today.

as a kind of consolation prize.

But the fisheries issue remains volatile. The minister in charge, Robert Thibault, spokesman earlier this month rebuffed a call to reduce the annual snow crab quota while leaving others—Atlantic and hard-to-timber fisheries—intact. Now he's prepared to increase the quota as a bid for wharf-side peace. But the Dalhousie study points out conservation. As Myers and Worm said, devastating fish stocks are bad enough, but when the problem involves the same marine ecosystem, it will be "difficult to reverse." Their solution? Cut the world catch in half. It's not something Newfoundland, or even Ottawa, can do on their own—but it would make a good rallying cry.



'It's a sickening feeling when someone hasn't come home'

The brutal slaying of Holly Jones in Toronto last week was every parent's nightmare. The 30-year-old was abducted while walking home from a friend's house on July 11, and never heard from her again. In photos, she first appeared along the shores of Lake Ontario. Priscilla de Villiers understands the devastation Holly's parents feel. In 1981, her teenage daughter, Nina, was kidnapped and later slain near her high school, Oak, home. Since then, de Villiers has become a victim's rights advocate and proponent of a national registry of sexual offenders.



You have to know. For the Joneses now, there is a huge divide to find the killer.

You have to know who did it, and what they look like, make an attempt to find them through different

means. There's often a period of psychotic rage, a period of catatonic withdrawal and a period of uncontrolled weeping. At one stage I couldn't believe I had any team left.

The first question in the public mind is, how can this happen? We live in a society that prides itself on being one of the safest in the world, and so on a scale like this shatters the city, perhaps even the country, to its core. When this happens to a little girl, all the horrors of vulnerability come to play. People are now pricing for their lost innocence. They're being comforted by their own.

It breaks my heart that we still haven't implemented a national sex-offender registry. It may not prevent things like this from ever happening again, but at least

we can say we're doing whatever we can. But things will settle down and the agency for the registry will go away. And we'll be back to being a society to protect.

The thing with family members, particularly of child victims, is how they're judged on whether they did the right things. Society blames the victim for being in the wrong place, or the family for not naming the child properly—anything but admit that someone who is so totally devoid of human feeling and human decency is in our midst. It is a defence mechanism—and it is as wrong.

Nordesty, when I heard about Holly Jones, I found myself unable to speak. I was using the wrong words—it was virtually incomprehensible. This brings it all back, your own experience, you revisit it. The nightmares come again. It is all too close. I hear it from victims. All the time, that they have something like what happened to them. They're happening to anyone else. I said, it's myself again. All I can say now is, please learn from what happened here. Please make things better.



The coordinated and deadly attacks in Riyadh targeted Westerners and took place just hours before Powell arrived for talks.

A WEEK OF CARNAGE

The bombings in Saudi Arabia and Morocco are a sign that al-Qaeda is back

THERE HAD BEEN warnings of a new terrorist offensive. They came true—with devastating results. On May 12, suicide bombers smashed these compounds housing foreigners in the Saudi Arabian capital of Riyadh. Thirty-four people died, among them nine Americans, and hundreds were wounded. Four days later, killers struck again, in a series of bombings in Casablanca, Morocco. Those attacks, on targets in-

cluding a hotel, a nightclub and a Jewish community center, claimed 43 lives, including at least 10 terrorists. At week's end, no one had claimed responsibility. But experts in the Saudi Arabian capital of Riyadh, thirty-four people died, among them nine Americans, and hundreds were wounded. Four days later, killers struck again, in a series of bombings in Casablanca, Morocco. Those attacks, on targets in-

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In both Saudi Arabia and Morocco, the eye-witnessed attacks came only a few minutes apart. In Riyadh, each bombing began with one arriving at the compound gates. Armed men inside the vehicle—some of them wearing Saudi National Guard uniforms—shot the guards. A terrorist then ran into the guardhouse to open the gates; the others drove in and detonated their car bombs—about 180 kilograms of plastic explosives in each instance. Among the injured were five Canadians, all of whom were treated and released from hospital. In Casablanca, the Canadian Department of Foreign Affairs said, there were no reports of Canadian casualties.

Morocco has had close ties with the United States, and was among those countries threatened in a message allegedly from

Oswari bin Laden earlier this year. Saudi Arabia has been one of the most important U.S. allies in the Middle East—and is a country where continued U.S. presence and influence has been a source of Muslim anger.

(Washington has announced that its troops stationed in the kingdom will be withdrawn.) But U.S.-Saudi relations had become badly strained when it became clear that 15 of the 19 hijackers responsible for the Sept. 11 terrorist attacks were Saudi citizens. Last week's bombings, which occurred only hours before U.S. Secretary of State Colin Powell arrived in Riyadh for talks, are likely to further agitate the situation.

Washington knew from electronic intercepts and spies that an al-Qaeda cell of almost 60 people in Saudi Arabia was preparing a

Saudi Crown Prince Abdullah, the de facto head of state, has promised to track down the bombers and the militant clerics who support them. But many in the Saudi royal family fear that a conclusion could spark a religious revolt and the overthrow of the regime. At least three leading clerics have gone so far as to say in Saudi Arabia, but continue to state editors saying their followers to reject any moves by the regime to stop payments to the charities that are fronts for al-Qaeda funding.

Scheidt, who has lived in the country for five years and recently left his job as a British bank in Riyadh, plans to move to Bahrain with his wife, Michelle, and six-year-old son, Reagan. They're currently staying in Strasbourg, and will remain there until Sheldrick returns. Until then, he's being cautious, even trying to time street lights so he doesn't have to stop while driving—and because a potential target. "I'm exercising extreme caution all the time," he says. "I'm not going out after dark. I guess I'm scared." If each few spreads among Westerners, it will be a major victory for al-Qaeda.

PHOTO: AP/WIDEWORLD



THE EDGE OF ANARCHY

To slow Iraq's drift into total chaos, the U.S. changes its administration in the country

FRESH from the front lines, the 12 American soldiers under Lt. Col. Tam Nadiq's command in Baghdad's Kharrada district are fighting another kind of war. The enemy has evolved into the shadows of the Iraqi capital: dirty hit squads, and now the 23-year-old Virginia native is forced to try to bring peace to a city awash in chaos by solving disputes over property and missing weapons. Live gunfire, a steady stream, is a minor nuisance to these men. "Everyone's got a gun," says Nadiq, pulling a loaded, silver-plated nine-mill handgun out of his pocket as another gunshot sounds no more than a block away. "That's probably just some local guy, happy that he has running water again."

The gunshots in the mid-afternoon sun. Nadiq had confiscated it earlier in the day from a man accused of trying to take over a jewelry store. It was just another example of the anarchy in Iraq, where fear is as prevalent now as it was under the Baath regime and poverty is perhaps even more widespread. The backlash to Saddam Hussein's brutal repression spilled out onto the dusty streets as looting and chaos took hold. And now, if the chaos continues, Iraq may face that rival militia, already patrolling areas of the capi-

tal and other cities, may become too powerful. Mustafar Barzani, leader of the Kurdistan Democratic Party, says the U.S. must act quickly to restore order. "If we continue this confusion," he said in his office in Baghdad, "this wonderful victory we have achieved will turn into a quagmire."

Worried that the Iraqi situation is spinning totally out of control, last week the White House recalled Jay Garner, the retired general who was the top civilian administrator in the country, and replaced him with career diplomat and crisis-management expert Paul Bremer. The administration also recalled

"PEOPLE ARE ANGRY," one man says. "They were expecting improvement. Instead, the situation is worse."

Middle East diplomat Barbara Bodine, who was in charge of reconstruction efforts in Baghdad. "Garner and Bodine didn't have the management skills," a State Department official directly involved with the Iraqi re-

construction program told *Nation's*. "They didn't take charge and they didn't make things happen fast enough. But Bremer is a 'can-do' guy and he'll get the country back on its feet. We're making a course correction."

Perhaps not unexpected too soon. Citizens of Baghdad—a city that has been weeks with out water and electricity—are clearly growing impatient with their new rulers. "Nothing has improved," says Talat, a 42-year-old accounting student who survives by selling gasoline on the black market. "People are angry because they were expecting an improvement. Instead, the situation is worse." It's one that Nadiq and his men can't really address. "I don't have the cars or the ammunition to arrest everybody on the street and take them to jail when they'll just be released in two days anyway," the lieutenant says. "That's a job for the police, but they're too afraid to come out."

Understandably so. Many members of Baghdad's 7000-man police force are untrained, and have been largely ineffective after returning to duty. Others, fearing their homes will be looted in their absence, are refusing to go to work. And the challenges they face are on display in the garbage-strewn neighborhoods of Sadr City (for nearly Saddam City), the sprawling Shia slum on Baghdad's eastern edge. From his roadside stall, Ali, a 17-year-old street kid with all the requisite smoothness and charm, will sell you anything. You can become a house owner with a stolen deed, an official Iraqi citizen with piller papers, or pure sex a license, looted from government offices, for your stolen vehicle.

The line between truth and fiction has become so blurred that soldiers must rely on intuition to resolve many disputes—sometimes unsuccessfully. In one case, a Shia cleric approached Nadiq with a deed to a house in the Kharrada district. It was written in Arabic and seemed official, so Nadiq wrote a letter authorizing the deed's group to move in. An hour later, residents of the largely Sunni neighborhood arrived at the army post to complain about a religious group from the southern holy city of Najaf illegally setting up shop on their street. Nadiq led a raid on the house, but the new occupants—the Shia cleric's group—produced



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THE ROAD TO RELEVANCE

Two very different Nova Scotians are vying to lead the Tory party back to mattering again

THERE IS ONE THING—and sometimes it looks like the only thing—on which Peter MacKay and Scott Brison agree. The rivalry between them is “all business,” says Brison, with “nothing personal,” according to MacKay. They’re brothers-in-law, they point out, fellow Tories aspiring to lead the same federal party in a contest against the Liberal and the Bloc Québécois. So what if things got a little testy during the television debates and the delegate selection meetings leading up to the May 29 June 1 leadership convention in Toronto. On that just last week offering around MacKay of vote-buying by offering to help out with leadership drop-out André Bachand’s campaign debt, after he drew his support behind MacKay. So what if they disagree about everything, from determining priorities to endorsing

Peter MacKay is much more than Brison’s boy, although the pedigree clearly helps

the Atlantic Canada Opportunities Agency. That’s just politics. They’re friends, they’re 38, and much concerned only to cash in their party’s success on its glory days. At a glance, it’s hard to choose between them: they’re young, athletic, stylish and genial as millionaires. Both hail from Nova Scotia, a province that is home to five of the party’s 15 seats. Both arrived in Ottawa in 1997. Few currently care about the obvious differences. Brison, 36, is openly gay and a self-made man, while MacKay, 37, one of the Canadian political scene’s reigning heroes and symbols, has steadily followed in the footsteps of his father, Mulroney-era cabinet minister Elmer MacKay. What counts

is that they embody distinctively opposed sides of the same political coin. The dull, no-nonsense campaigner (seven times Richard, the lost francophone, dropped out) he lead a party that’s still only in fourth place after winning a by-election in Ontario last week, has addressed a central worry about the candidates from Down East. “Peter has the charm of Scott,” agreed one prominent Nova Scotia Tory and friend of both men. “Scott has the ideas Peter lacks.” For a party that can still remember when it mattered, the question is can either man lead it down the road to relevance?

Consider MacKay, the clean-front runner, who has a rufous fall-back hair, a white ’63 Chevrolet and a glaucous girlfriend, Lisa Matthews, who also has the best kind of Tory roots—she’s the daughter of former vicar and affluence minister Gerry Matthews. His father gave up his seat in Nova Scotia’s horse-bred Pictou County in 1983 for its incoming Tory leader Brian Mulroney and was rewarded with a succession of cabinet posts. Though MacKay’s parents appeared when he was eight and he grew up mainly with his mother, Macla Delga, a university student councillor, he has followed his father’s lead—first to law school at Dalhousie University in Halifax, then back home to New Glasgow to set up a legal practice before becoming a Crown attorney. At 31, in the 1997 federal election, he won the Pictou County riding he father held for 21 years.

MacKay is more than just Elmer’s boy. His quick mastery of the cut-and-thrust of parliamentary debate made him an immediate star on the 18th, where he became junior critic and Tory House leader and has been voted senior-most MP five years running. Still, the family name doesn’t hurt with Conservatives who remember the good old days. Most of all, he backs down to think MacKay has the look of a winner. “People are supporting him because they think he has the best chance of leading the party back,” explains one of his campaign advisers.

On the stage and in person, P.M., as he’s known by his campaign team, sparkles his conservatism with sports analogies and down-home wisdom. But, in one moment from his spotlighted highlights, he’s quick to voice his admiration for Tory icons like Bob Rae and Mulroney. He tells about Canada’s “wonder mystery” for his party and provides a reason to “be fundamentalist and proud of values that were always associated with the

Conservative party” as the answer to Canada’s problems. “How would I approach things differently?” he mused in a recent interview in Montreal. N.B. “I would try to remember what we know well rather than simply pulling the ideas out of the thin blue air and forcing them on an unsuspecting public.”

MacKay’s competence is a rare-to-subtle dig at his closest opponents. David Orchard, the Bowden, Sask., miner who was runner-up to outgoing leader Joe Clark in the 1996 vote, is running against the party’s traditional pro-free trade line. Jim Prentice of Calgary, who was national party treasurer from 1991 to 1995, has also fashioned a more policy-oriented campaign, including a proposal to give a tuition tax credit for post-secondary students who make high enough grades. The most adventurous idea, though, has emanated from Brison, in fourth place behind Prentice.

Born in Windsor, N.S., at the luminous Annapolis Valley, in a homebuilder mother and state-leader father, Brison got the political bug early. He attended his first Tory rally in age 12 and became president of the provincial party’s youth wing at 19. He put himself through Dalhousie University selling beer frigates to students and using the profits to buy a house to run his own business. Upon graduating with a bachelor of commerce, he joined a post-manufacturer, eventually moving for six years to New York City to run its North American operations. At Tory Finance officer from 1998 to 2000, he learned the hard way: MacKay hammered him every time he threw out a question. But Brison posed a quick study. Back home, he helped his father by attracting business to Nova Scotia, a natural role for a politician who was also vice-president with Yorkton Securities, a job he only resigned when announcing his run for the leadership.

Despite those big business credentials—and his cousin in Ottawa and Toronto—he’s really more Main Street than Bay Street. A lawyer and coachman, he drives a Volvo station wagon when back in Nova Scotia and drives a classic red-brown Buick Wildcat, a Buick, on a quietified Halifax street. The couple has a weekend getaway past minutes from Brison’s parents’ home in Cheverton and Windsor by the river. House, all attention hasn’t emerged as an issue as either he has made up or wrong the mix of prominent Bay Streets and younger, change-oriented Tories attracted to his busi-



Brison openly got scores left to have Hart Brison, who took a pre-business agenda

ness-friendly campaign, replacing the controversial AGOs with tax-based incentives to increase regional investment, negotiating a new security and economic co-operation partnership with the U.S., revamping the tax and employment insurance systems. “We need a leader,” Brison says, “who can put something present and defend bold new ideas that will change people’s lives and in doing so will earn the support of Canadians.”

“PETER HAS the charisma Scott needs,” opines one prominent Nova Scotia Tory and friend of both men. “Scott has the ideas Peter lacks.”

Is he that guy? MacKay has the support of over 40 per cent of the roughly 1,600 elected delegates who will be attending the convention. And Richard’s decision to drop out and throw his support behind MacKay

makes a first-ballot victory even more possible. Orchard, decried by the other camp as a special interest candidate, has more than 25 per cent support among concepted delegates. That analysis says he has little chance of getting support on a second ballot. The best bet for Brison—or Prentice—is to make a head-on assault with the nearly 1,000 automatic voters—which include MPs and elected provincial Tories—who are not committed to any candidate, and thus having every man’s support. “The big question,” stresses Steven Patena, a political scientist at the University of Alberta, “is how many of these automatic voters actually show up?”

If Brison loses, there’s already talk about him running in the Nova Scotia provincial election that Premier John Hannan is expected to hold later this year, then becoming finance minister if the Tories return to power. It has also long been rumored that MacKay will one day decide to run his home province rather than a disputed national party. Both say, don’t be on either of them handing for the Nova Scotia legislature, no matter what happens on June 1. “The legitimacy of what he does in Ontario,” says Brison. On that mark he and MacKay definitely agree. ■

boy vs. girl

understanding gender
Male and female may mean less today than ever, but they still mean plenty



THE FISHER PRICE kitchen came into our lives when the oldest boy was three and the youngest was about six months old. It was the late '80s and, by God, we were going to do this parenting thing right. No sexist male looks for this family. No preconceptions based on gender. Our boys would be sensitive and non-violent, Gandhi-like in their demeanor.

There'd be no weaponry. Even the purchase of Ferris Bueller Barbie figurines was a wrenching compromise—the first of, oh, a few over the years. (They, you try, rebuffed a Gandhi action figure.) The toy kitchen, however, represented the high water mark of our ideals. It was a multicolored, one-high-chairman to convene of the new masculinity: a world where you can drive a fire truck and bake a cherry pie.

The new masculinity, in a naive young father's view, would be no different from the new feminism—aside from the instrumental goodies. Differences in gender were used far more to divide, explain and isolate women. So, eliminate the differences. Who is Western society could seriously argue, after the angry gender wars of the 1960s and '70s, that the ongoing liberation of women is anything less than a crowning moral achievement.

The way forward seemed clear enough to two young parents. Our son would rip down the wall between gender and build bridge-making tools commonly found in the kitchen. And Fisher-Price had provided everything: paper airplanes, pens, markers, a sink, a miniature immersion of plastic foods. There was a fishing table on a wiggly-out leg—who could have known this would prove our

downfall? As we saw it, the table was a focal point, a place where our boys—and their gender-balanced assortment of friends—would gather to trade witticisms and debate the pressing issues of the day.

Sure they would. I can say now that young boys, in the mean, don't survive without the aid of duct tape. Or unless they're building something really neat, like a weapon of mass destruction. "They work at using the boys," Margaret Atwood once said of the gender in general, though she could have been describing the scene in our rec room. "These always seem to be more of them in the room than there actually are."

A funny thing happened for some of us on the road to equality. Gender may mean less today than ever in fantasy—in our society, at least—but it still means plenty. Boys and girls—and a whole newly vocal rainbow of gender variants in between—may be heading today toward the same bright future, but they continue to travel on a divided highway.

This theory, of course, doesn't win universal approval. The nurturing of parents, the impact of friends and the crushing influence of popular culture all have a huge impact on gender roles and expectations. But so, too, does nature. A growing body of genetic research and its link to behavior makes it difficult to sustain the view that kids are blank pieces of putty. They have a core, of which gender is one significant part.

"To ignore gender," argues Harvard's Steve Pinker, a professor of psychology at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, "would be to ignore a major part of the human condition." His latest book, *The Blank Slate: The Modern Denial of Human Nature*, includes a thoughtful disavowal of the notion that all sex differences,

"The blank slate" argues psychologist Steven Pinker. We not have interesting gender minds!

Switching sides—the gains and the losses

Aaron Devor, 51, is the dean of graduate studies at the University of Victoria. Until last fall he was Holly Devor, a self-described “masculine” lesbian. At Holly, Devor was a professor of sociology specializing in the study of gender, sex, sexuality and the “gender-bending” world of transgendered or transsexual persons. All societies at their root distinguish between male and female, he says. “Everything and anything flows from that in ways you don’t realize until you start to challenge it.” Vancouver *Flare*’s Chief Ken MacQueen spoke with Devor about the cost of switching sides. **Does society treat you differently as a man?** In many ways life is not all that different because of the way I lived my life as a female. I was very masculine. Your average person would have a much larger gap.

What are the differences you’ve experienced or observed in your research?

There is a tendency on both sides of the gender divide to give more credence to one’s own sex. The areas where men ignore women have on the large scale a whole lot of powers associated with them. And the areas where women ignore men have a whole lot of powers associated with them on a personal scale. Women discount men’s capacity to be knowledgeable and effective on an emotional level. Men discount women’s capacity to be knowledgeable and effective on an emotional, societal and economic level.

Is this a learned behaviour or reality?

I think it’s learned. It’s something I’ve observed with great amusement and some disappointment. Relative to this personally, people changing their behaviour in regards to me [even among people who know full well what



“It is a man,” says Devor, “who can have the interpersonal intimacy common among women.”

my personal history is, it’s that ingrained.

Are all these changes welcome?

Some of it’s welcome, like being given more credit in a business context. Not that I did badly at all there; I’ve done very well for myself professionally. Discomfort is being discomforted all of a sudden I don’t know anything about intimate affairs and emotional life.

Are there other advantages to being male?

My own personal experience there’s not any kind of significant change because of the kind of female I’ve been. But your average male has a lot of freedom of movement. There’s an ability to walk down the street, think your own thoughts, walk in a straight line and go wherever you’re going. Your average woman cannot walk in a straight line down a street that has other people on it because a man will walk right into her. Women are trained to, and learn

to, walk a zigzag. Can a woman look a man in the eye? Absolutely not. That’s an instinct. Then there’s the sexual assault factor, which every woman is thinking about all the time. I cannot emphasize enough how it constrains women’s lives. It’s like living under terrorism. **Now you’ve got the better end of the equation?** It depends on what you value. It is a rare man who can have a kind of interpersonal intimacy that is very common among women. There is a kind of easy laughter and camaraderie and trust that comes very easily among women, and doesn’t require a lot of looking before you can reach it. Whereas, among men, you have to go through a lot of testing with each other to find out if it’s safe to expose that you have feelings, and that nobody is going to ridicule you or take advantage of you. I miss that. That is a really major advantage that women have

other than the emotional, are the result of parents, the media and society. It makes the case for expending the impact of biology. This genders, he says, “do not have interchangeable minds.”

Among a long list of differences, most women are more sensitive to sounds and smells, have superior depth perception, are better spellers, use the language more fluently, are more adept at reading facial expressions and body language, and “experience more conscious emotion intensity, except perhaps anger.” Men, he says, often studies, are better at solving more technical word

problems and at mentally rotating objects and maps, have a higher tolerance for pain, a greater willingness to risk life for status or attention and a greater tendency toward violent competition. These differences are not justification for discriminating against women, he stresses, though they exemplify a male propensity for engineering or heroically stupid deaths. “Should we really be better off,” he asks, “if everyone were like Pit, the anonymous nerd from *Saturday Night Live*?”

Perhaps we’re already there. Look at the ads in most fashion magazines and you’ll

be hard-pressed to tell if the emaciated, peering figure is male or female. Not even the *Playboy* magazine pin-up is exempt. A study of the magazine’s first 577 consecutive monthly coverfields concludes this time has not yet for the hourglass figure, as epitomized by Marilyn Monroe, the coverstar of *Playboy*’s first issue in 1953. After calculating the body mass and vital measurements of every pin-up, Australian researcher Martin Voracek and Maryanne Fisher, a Ph.D. candidate in psychology at York University, concluded in the *Canadian Journal of Dietetic Medical Journal*. “Circumoid

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'Even as a young child I wanted to be a girl'

Nina Arsenault, 25, is a Toronto screenwriter and actress, and featured subject in the documentary *Switch* on Showcase. She used to be Rodney, a theatre director, and undergoing more than 30 plastic surgeries to emerge in the late '90s as "she-male" Nina. *See MacQueen* asked about her transformation.

What about the male gender didn't frustrate? I didn't know the word transsexual but I could articulate even as a young child that I didn't want to be a little boy. I wanted to be a girl.

Was that nature speaking or nurture?

It was surely that I just assume it was nature. I mean, how do you really know? My whole tale on the nature-nurture debate is, I don't really care. I choose not to contest my gender.

Did you require the physical changes of surgery to feel you'd become a woman?

I always felt I was a woman at a girl, but I had a lot of plastic surgery to feminize the way I look, because that makes my life easier. Unfortunately there is no transsexual double standard—and most people will accept you more easily if you're feminine-looking and pretty.

You haven't been surgically castrated?

No, I haven't done anything that. Your body is programmed. I don't know at the cellular level or the level of your chromosomes that you want to be a female. When you almost completely eliminate testosterone production in your body [then look drugs to suppress testosterone], you're changing your personality.

You've seen both sides, do men and women experience different emotions?

I don't speak to how women see the world, I can speak to how I was as hormones and a girl. I found that all those horrible stereotypes about men and women—testosterone and co-



'It wasn't that my life wasn't successful as a male,' says Arsenault. 'I sacrificed many things.'

rogen—are true for me. When my testosterone level went down and I was on lots of estrogen, I wanted to create a little nest, I wanted to have a boyfriend, and that was all-consuming. I was really sensitive. I was definitely less aggressive, less outgoing. I did have mood swings, depression. When it's off hormones and my testosterone level rises, I'm definitely more aggressive, creative and outgoing, and not interested in having a relationship so much—more interested in options I had all the time. For the last six months I haven't been in (the male) hormones at all, and I feel great. But being as a male was unbearable? I would be either dead or really, really bitter. It wasn't that my life wasn't successful as a male, I had two master's degrees by the time I was 24. I had top marks in every academic venture. I had a career as a theatre director in

South Africa and Australia. I got jobs on the back and easily handshakes. In fact, I sacrificed many things to start living as a female.

What did you lose?

When I was a guy, I used to roll out of bed and be out of the house in 30 minutes. No one ever judged me. When you're a female and you roll out of bed and you don't look put together, people judge you. I worked in an environment of mostly men in senior positions. The vast some of these guys consciously excluded women. But when it comes to going out after work for a beer, you talk about gay stuff and get done to your breasts, and there's a boys' club there. Again, it's these horrible stereotypes. As a woman I wear law cutouts at a bar and get drinks bought for me or pick up guys. On the other hand, those things don't seem as important as the privileges that men get.

gender" largely body characteristics have given way to more androgynous ones."

In Vancouver, the same conclusion was reached by Terin Taylor, who sells Playboy back issues from his Hollywood Cowboys poster and magazine shop. "Look at Playboy in the '70s—man, they looked fantastic," he says. "Look at them now, they look like they came out of a dome." Aside from the manufactured quality of some body parts, Taylor contends Playboy is reflecting the changing "ideal" of feminine beauty. Consider low-rise jeans, he says. "You have to be built like a guy or they don't look right."

It's interesting where we're going, every body is going to end up being one sex."

Gender remains a bundle of contradictions. Lines are blurring any number of ways, in sports, in education, in careers. At the same time, scientists are using evermore behaviour differences based on sex. Meanwhile, an ever-widening spectrum of gender identity is being celebrated as never before. Typical of the complex reality of sexual and gender issues is the University of British Columbia's Positive Space Campaign, to foster a "welcoming atmosphere" for the campus's LGBTQIT population. For the anti-

trans, LGBTQIT is an acronym that stands to encompass the "lesbian, gay, bisexual, queer, transgendered, two-spirited, intersex and questioning" community. Does have sexual orientation, and who knew modern society had as much closed space?

Among the champions of gender and sexual diversity is Aaron Devor, the University of Toronto's dean of graduate studies. Like research as a sociologist and author—and his life experience—all point to the fact that society is defining reality by insisting there are just two genders, two sexes and "only slight variations on two basic

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID HODGSON

MAGPARK | MAY 26, 2003 29

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tenacious." Dever, 51, lives in a men's jail until last year, he was Holly Dever, a lesbian. Then, at now, Dever is an internationally respected expert on gender, sex and sexuality.

He sees a contradiction in celebrating gender differences while at the same time seeking common ground. "There are physiological differences between the sexes that are well-documented and are real," he says. "The question is, what do we do with them in a society? Do we amplify them as much as we possibly can? Or do we minimize them?"

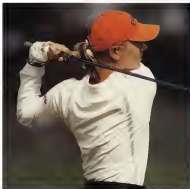
Dever cites one impact of feminism over the past 50 years: that clothing worn by males and females is now often indistinguishable. Behaviour has also blended to a degree, he says. "It's possible for males to show their more sensitive side, and get less abuse for it. It's possible for females to be more self-assertive and get support for that." But doesn't he feel, he's told, studies for years, "there's really a long way to go."

Even partially correct Fisher-Price toddlers into the miracle of gender in the correspondence of gender-related words. "Little Girls, Little Boys" (see Differences) is the title of one article on the theme. "By the age of three years," it notes, "many children show a preference for traditional male or female toys. Many (but not all) boys of this age are more active in their play, and many girls are more nurturing."

Conversely, in "Boys Will Be Boys" Kathleen Allain, Ph.D., informs Fisher-Price customers that parents and peers greatly influence the style of play and choice of toys. "In recent years, we've seen the play preferences of girls and boys move closer, especially regarding play with sports-related toys and pretend kitchens," she writes. "Boys, as well as girls, will just as quickly want to pretend a pretend action toy will kick a secret ball."

Sure they will, Dr. Allain? Just not my boys. Unless the pretend meal was the target of a well-laid backdoor ball. So? Well, she has a point—gender preferences are ever closer to play and work. There are any number of headline-grabbing examples, some surprising, a few rather sad.

It took less than a week into the war in Iraq before the faces of captured and missing American women soldiers were broadcast around the world. It was a haunting reminder that their expanded role in combat



Teasing off this week at Texas, Sorenstam is the first woman on the main PGA Tour in 50 years.

is an advance that comes at a high price.

In the far outer sector of sports, Hayley Wickenheiser, the star of Canada's gold-medal-winning Olympic hockey team, offered a more edifying example of atten-

tion in Fard's argument, although that wasn't her prime motivation. She wanted to prove, she said, "that I, as an individual, can play at this level." Her logic is sound. Why would any elite athlete willingly step out of her potential? The answer lies in the world's best women golfer, Annika Sorenstam. When she tees off this week at the Bank of America Colonial tournament in Texas, she'll be the first woman on the main PGA Tour in 50 years. It's billed as the greatest sports battle of the season since Babe Ruth whipped rookie rookie back Bobby Fogg in 1973. Yet Sorenstam, too, seems determined to test her abilities rather than to make a grand gender statement.

The few women athletes competing with men may draw the attention, but the lasting advance comes from the fact that women are competing in ever greater numbers across a spectrum of sports, says Bob Phillips, the University of British Columbia director of athletics and recreation. "Like the guys, they're getting bigger and stronger, they're working harder," he says. Like the guys, they show a growing pot of scholarship money. "Where it's really having an

LINE **IS** **BLURRING** **IN** **SPORTS,** **EDUCATION,** **CAREERS.** **AT** **THE** **SAME** **TIME,** **SCIENTISTS** **ARE** **CITING** **MORE** **BEHAVIOURAL** **DIFFERENCES** **BASED** **ON** **SEX.**

gender play during her winter as a child-line centre on a Finnish men's winter. Her solid play earned the confidence of coaches and trainers, but it earned the governing International Ice Hockey Federation. It's better for players like Wickenheiser to be "isolated as soon as women's hockey," said president Peter Panell, "and not be brought up, and maybe heart, pioneers to a powerful third-level sport's league."

Why Wickenheiser is any woman's role model for having the guts to try a men's team isn't

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impact is in the high schools, where a lot of girls don't stand and watch now," says Philip. "They want to play. They see opportunities that were reserved for boys before."

Gender is everything or nothing, depending on the circumstances. At the English feminist writer Mary Wollstonecraft's sad death more than two centuries ago, "The two sexes mutually corrupt and improve each other." The problem now, in other words, is a failure to agree on terms. One person's improvement is another's corruption.

Consider unemployment, undesirable in Wollstonecraft's view: the majority of law students at most Canadian universities are now women. And yet, Gov. Gen. Adrienne Clarkson opposed the legal profession this February while receiving an honorary degree from the Law Society of Upper Canada. The profession, she said, has been "built by men, for men, in a male world." Women, she said, pay a heavy price for raising children. Male lawyers, aged 50 to 54, earn almost twice what women lawyers make at that age. "Following the rules of a man's world has, to a certain extent, straightened us out women," she said.

It may also be that women use a healthier criteria to measure success. The price they pay for having children has long been known, and, yet, many make that choice. Which is the real loss? The woman who presumably is following her dream, or the male running like a rat on a wheel, his self-worth measured in blabber hours?

In Clarkson's view, the corporate pecking order, the style of networking, the way things get done, "have nothing to do with the way women would do them." She tells this the "12 per cent factor," in honour of any number of polls in which women and men come down on different sides of an issue, including war with Iraq. This gender gap, she conceded, is a permanent condition. "The education to which we women have all been fortunate to have access, especially over the last 50 years, has given us the right to think," she said. "But it has not made women into men. At least not yet. And I hope never."

HALF OF ALL university graduates in 2001 were women, and the number is climbing. But chances of study continue to be circumscribed by gender. As to why, well, 19-year-old favourite gender theory here, but give today's assertive young generation



THE SALARY GAP

Average Annual Earnings for full-time Workers in Canada, 2001



SOURCE: STATISTICS CANADA

women credit, please, for personal choice and inclination. Women are a growing minority in the man's world of university-level mathematics, engineering and applied and physical sciences. Women predominate in the more nurturing (and sometimes less lucrative) professions of social sciences, education and health. They now represent half of all medical students in Canada—in Quebec, a national high of 60 per cent of medical students are females. Nationally, women also dominate many non-general fields of study: fine arts, humanities, agriculture and biological sciences. Virtually equal numbers of women and men now fill university classes in commerce, management and administration.

Young men lead young women in one troubling statistic: 17 per cent of them have not completed high school, compared to 13 per cent of females. This persistent fall-out of school to engage some boys is frequently interpreted as a sign that girls are getting all the attention. But who says gender is a zero-sum game, where the advance of one sex comes at the expense of the other?

The great downfall for many little boys is reading, which makes a recent study on male literacy all the more intriguing.

Kathy Sanford, assistant professor of education at the University of Victoria, and co-author Heather Wiles, who holds a similar position at the University of Alberta, tracked a group of elementary school boys for two years. Their conclusion: boys aren't the literacy losers they're made out to be, they're just leaving it all behind them, be it sports, computer-gaming. With nice or collectible cards. There are developmental reasons for this, Sanford says. "Boys develop verbal skills more slowly. They certainly struggle with fine motor skills, which has a huge impact on their ability to read and write, and to sit still and all those kinds of things at an early age."

By the time boys catch up, they're often "pathologized" as peer readers. Schools, she says, would do well to suggest traditional reading materials with more of popular culture, and not just to placate hyper little boys. It pains Sanford, a former English teacher, to admit, but computer literacy, and even the minutiae of sports, are marketable skills. "The skills that are being, I can take any Shakespeare play or a novel and analyze it, those aren't really all that useful in the marketplace." The next phase of their research is to bring girls into the picture, to engage them in some of the things like computers that so many boys find useful in the marketplace, says Sanford, "and not be continuously dividing ourselves."

And that, alas, may be as useful a lesson as can be learned from the confounding, confusing, constantly evolving boy/girl thing. The X and Y of gender is not simply about chromosomes versus social engineering. The gender differences, in widely varying degrees, are there, no matter the current state of the nature-nurture debate. Such diversity can be minimized or discredited, but not erased, says the Governor General included, went to wish it away.

As to the sole Father-Power played in creating two warring, gender-blind camps? Not much, I fear. The sad truth is that the kitchen served up about two days of plastic before it was abandoned. Long months later, the table ripped off its table leg, which became the most popular toy in his collection. Field a certain way, with his brother in his sights, it made a splendid ruckus game.

ROGERS sportsnet Magazine

MAY 26, 2003

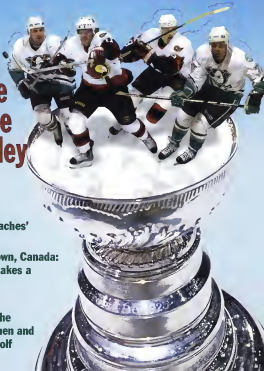
The curse of the Stanley Cup

▶ **Players' dream, coaches' nightmare**

▶ **Touchdown, Canada: The CFL makes a comeback**

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▶ **Sex on the links: Women and men and golf**



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Editor's Note
SCOTT MORRISON

**Perspective, understanding
and strong opinion**

John Gemett, a colleague at Sportnet and the owner of the best played winning percentage of any goaltender in Vancouver Canucks' history, has never touched the Stanley Cup. He probably never will, either. "I haven't earned the right to touch it," Gemett says. "Because I never won it."

Gemett's is a belief shared by many National Hockey League players, including veteran winger Steve Thomas, who has enjoyed a renaissance spring with the Calgary Ducks of Anaheim.

"Everyone's saying touch it,

touch it, maybe your luck will change," Thomas told senior writer Scott Burnside late in the regular season, long before anyone except the Mighty Ducks thought they might have a chance of actually earning that right. "Maybe I should have done it a couple of years ago and my luck would have changed."

Amongst active players, Thomas ranks sixth on the list of most games played without winning hockey's grand prize. Teammate Adam Oates is third. There is a wonderful story, one Burnside tells in this second

edition of Sportnet Magazine, along with a companion piece on how winning the Stanley Cup has quite often become a curse for coaches.

Telling good stories is part of our mandate. Other priorities include confronting controversial issues, such as associate editor John Gordon's commentary on Arvid Brecht's decision to play on the PGA Tour this week, and examining developments in Canadian sports, the way Marty York tackles the resurgence of the Canadian football league.

Canada needs a general

sports publication with perspective, understanding and strong opinion, especially with the resurgence in Canadian sports, with the likes of Mike Weir winning the Masters and Canada winning gold at the world hockey championships, to name a couple of recent examples. For years there has been no general sports magazine to provide that Canadian perspective. Sportnet Magazine is that publication.

We encourage your feedback, and we will return with issue number three in the fall.

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Log on to sportnet.ca to vote.

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Steven Thomas and Adam Oates, Anaheim Ducks and Blackhawks.



EYE ON THE FLAG.
Mike Weir's recent birdie putt proved it: he's got it at the year's Masters.

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ROGERS

Once more, with feeling

With more than six dozen seasons among them, four NHL veterans say they still dream of winning the Stanley Cup.

By Scott Burnside

Holding the Stanley Cup aloft, touching it to your lips and walking away from your career as an NHL hockey player. It's called leaving through the big door.

Ray Bourque did it in the spring of 2003. Twenty-two years after he first stepped onto an NHL rink, he finally won the Stanley Cup with the Colorado Avalanche. Then he retired.

But what of the NHL players who come back year after year and, like the Greek king Sisyphus, push the rock of hope up the hill of the NHL regular season and through the playoffs, only to fall short of their ultimate goal? How does it feel to go through seasons after seasons, longing for a taste, but never sipping champagne from the Stanley Cup?

Steve Thomas says his ambition to win the Stanley Cup has never wavered since he started playing in the NHL. As he entered this year's playoffs with the Mighty Ducks of Anaheim, Thomas, now 38, had played 147 post-season games without winning a champi-

onship more than any other current NHL player. He'd also played 1,131 regular-season games with five different teams.

“It still motivates me. But I know how hard it is. I’ve been down that road quite a few times.”

77

Dan Ireland

The one goal he has aimed for throughout his entire career, he says, is “to be wearing a Stanley Cup” (map on my finger). I still have that and it hasn’t wavered.”

Thomas is one of four players we talked to who are still pursuing their dream of winning a Stanley Cup long after most players have retired. Until he left Chicago for Anaheim, he shared a dressing room with another of the countless questers, Phil Housley. As he finished with the Toronto Maple Leafs this year, Housley had played 1,485 regular-season games, second only to Tampa Bay’s Dave Andreychuk for regular-season time served without a championship.

With his family living for the last three years in Minnesota, Housley continued to dream of winning the Cup, even as the Leafs went down to Philadelphia in this year’s Conference quarterfinals. “When you do talk about it, you have to believe,” he says.

If Housley and Thomas have been the dreamers of the franchise, Andreychuk and Adam Oates have been the pragmatists.

“Obviously it still motivates me,” says Andreychuk, the mapi-



EYE ON THE CUP

Back in 2002 in San Jose, Oates, Steve Rosen began his NHL career as a free agent with the Toronto Maple Leafs in 2000-2001. That year he led the Leafs in Stanley Cup playoff scoring with six goals and eight assists in 15 games. Thomas leads the league in regular-season overtime goals with 12. Housley and Jensen have been 12th.

How long, Lord? How long?

Everyone who plays in the NHL wants to win the Stanley Cup, but some players have wanted it for a longer time than others. Here are the 10 active NHL players who have played the most regular-season games without winning a Cup.

Play	Year	Games played
1. Drew Bledsoe	Tampa Bay	1,515
2. Phil Housley	Toronto	1,495
3. Adam Oates	Anaheim	1,277
4. Jerey Peacock	Buffalo	1,225
5. Scott MacKenzie	St. Louis	1,223
6. Steve Thomas	Anaheim	1,191
7. Laine Richmond	Columbus	1,163
8. Glen Wesley	Toronto	1,173
9. Shayne Corson	Toronto	1,139
10. Pierre Turgeon	Oakland	1,130

national leader of the youthful Tampa Bay Lightning. The native of Hamilton, Ontario, had toiled for 1,515 regular-season games and 128 playoff

matches before this year's playoffs began. This year, he says, he just wanted to lead his team past the quarterfinals, a mission he accomplished on April

20, when the Lightning defeated the Washington Capitals four games to two. It was the first time in the Lightning's 11-year history that the team had advanced into the conference semifinal round. In fact, it was the first time since the Lightning lost to the Philadelphia Flyers in 1996 that the team had even made the playoffs. "I'm just trying to get as back as the playoffs," Andreychuk said, before his team fell to the New Jersey Devils in the series. "That's realistic. I know how hard it is."

Andreychuk, 38, could have taken an easier road with a contending team at last year's trade deadline. But he chose to remain in Tampa, even though his decision lengthened the odds of having his

name engraved on the Cup. "I didn't believe my job was done here," he says. "I believe I was brought in to lead this team into the playoffs."

Like Andriyshak, Olexa would prefer to compete as



AMERICAN FRIEND

Phil Housley, born in 1964 in St. Louis, Mo., was drafted out of high school by the Buffalo Sabres in 1982. Since then he played more than 1,000 regular-season NHL games with eight different teams. He is the all-time leading defenseman scorer in NHL history.

End Wings of the American Ministry League
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is was their second championship in 2000.

part of a team that won the Cup after a last-minute mercy trade. With 143 points in 142 playoff games, Oates moved last year to the Philadelphia Flyers at the

Andersytsnik moved with Boucque to Colorado at the trade deadline in 2000, but by the following year, when Boucque had his moment of

Dates and Housley were teammates when the Washington Capitals fell in four straight games to Detroit in 1996. It is the only time that in their playing careers the two players have made it to the final.

This season, both Thomas and Housley thought yet another year would go by the boards without a sniff of glory. But both were traded past hours before the deadline to playoff contenders. Thomas to Anaheim, playing on a fire with Oates, while Housley landed in Thomas' hometown of Toronto.

Among the four of them, they have tolled 75-regular sessions. Through that time, most have seen the Stanley Cup. Some in the same room as the Cup, certainly watched others lift it, hold it, kiss it and cherish it. Still, pragmatist or dreamer, none of the four has ever touched it.

"If I'm going to touch it," Housley says, "I want to win it." ■

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S. J. LEE & J. R. LEE

Torrey Boy's team destroyed, born in 1963 in Hamilton, Ontario, played his junior hockey with the Ontario Hockey Association and in the Ontario Hockey League with the Buffalo Sabres. When Reddyhead began his NHL career on Oct. 6, 2002, only two other players' lightning bolts were out of obscurity.

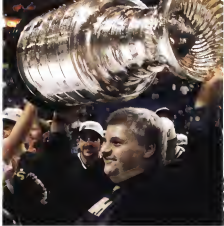
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BUILT TO LAST



A FEELING OF
TRIUMPH 



Ken Hitchcock, "The challenge is to savor it all, sipp."

Congratulations. You're fired.

A winning coach sometimes has to sip quickly from the Stanley Cup before the taste turns sour.

By Scott Burnside

Months after his Dallas Stars had won their first-ever Stanley Cup, long after he had become the head coach of the Philadelphia Flyers, coach Ken Hitchcock returned to Dallas, to the place of what should have been his finest moment.

But instead of being honored when asked by a fan to sign a 1999 Stars championship hat, Hitchcock flinched. Even though it was his team, and the Stanley Cup as much his as

Mike Modano's or Ed Belfour's, Hitchcock had just his connection to the Dallas Stars. "I felt embarrassed at the time to sign it, because I'd already moved on," Hitchcock says.

Ken Hitchcock

KEN HITCHCOCK (left), who began coaching the junior Knoxville Blazers in 1993, guided Devils to a first-place division finish during his first full season as the Stars' head coach in 1999-00.

Marc Crawford

MARC CRAWFORD just played his 77th NHL game with the Vancouver Canucks from 1981 to 1987. He rejoined the team in 1999 as head coach after leading the Avalanche to a Stanley Cup in 1996.

Joel Quenneville

Steve CONNOR just spent the last year (center) playing for the Hartford Whalers and spent the last year of his playing career as a player-coach for the St. John's Maple Leafs under Marc Crawford.

Jacques Martin

JACQUES MARTIN (right) became the Avalanche's head coach in 1996 after serving as an assistant coach to the Stanley Cup in Colorado. He played goal in the 70s at St. Lawrence University.

Scotty Bowman

Scotty Bowman (left) retired on June 13, 2000, the night his Detroit Red Wings won the Stanley Cup for the third time in six years. Altogether, he won a record nine Cups as a head coach.

Larry Robinson

Larry Robinson played left wing for six Cups as a player with the Montreal Canadiens and a seventh as coach of the New Jersey Devils in 1999-2000. He is an accomplished polo player.

Bob Hartley

BOB HARTLEY (center) never played pro hockey and spent eight years working at a paper mill and a windshield manufacturing plant. He started coaching at 26 and won a Cup with the Avalanche in 2001.

Paul Maurice

Consider it: Paul Maurice (right) is now the longest-serving head coach with the same team in the NHL. Hurricanes' captain Ron Francis is four years older than his coach.



After winning the Cup, Crawford (left) acted up as a Montreal, Quebec (center) and Hartford (right) player.

"He's in charge of driving trucks," says Robinson (second from left). Bowman (left) was the master head-shrinker Hartley (second from right) and Maurice (far right) after.

History has shown that, for a coach, winning a Stanley Cup inevitably starts the clock ticking towards termination. By this season's all-star break, there were six Stanley Cup-winning coaches behind the bench where they had won a championship.

Scotty Bowman had retired. Hitchcock was in Philadelphia. Marc Crawford had moved to Vancouver. Larry Robinson was taking his grandson to the state fair in Florida, and Bob Hartley found himself shipbrokering the lovely Atlanta Thrashers.

By comparison, the three coaches with the longest tenures in the NHL—Paul Maurice, Joel Quenneville and Jacques Martin—have among them 18 years of consecutive service with their clubs, but only one trip to the Stanley Cup final, by Martin, and, in general, mostly playoff disappointments to show for their efforts.

The dynamics that created the era of the disposable coach, even one who brings the ultimate glory to team and city, hold down exactly to finances. You can't live the US\$10 million underachiever, but you can dismiss a coach who makes, at best, US\$1 million. Winning a Stanley Cup may be the ultimate test for a coach, but in fact, it's exponentially harder to stay on top than to get there.

"When you win it, the challenge [here] is to become that edge in your players," says Hitchcock. "That's a bigger challenge."

In their three seasons after winning a Stanley Cup, the Stars lost in the final, were swept in the second round the next year, and then failed to make the playoffs. By then Hitchcock was long gone.

The Stars aren't the only team to have tried and failed to recreate their Cup-winning

chemistry. And Hitchcock isn't the only Cup-winning coach to lose his job. In fact, the response is almost universal. "Everyone thinks his job is safe," says Hartley. "They relax. And then they're gone."

**“
Everyone thinks
his job is safe. And
then he's gone.
”**

Bob Hartley

Robinson won a Stanley Cup in 1996 as an assistant coach to Jacques Lemaire in New Jersey. Four years later, he became the Devils' head coach, and the team won their second championship. The next season the Devils went to the finals, where they fell to

Hartley's Avalanche. The following season the Devils struggled 51 games into the season. Robinson was out of work. "It wasn't until later that Robinson realized just how much winning had changed everything. 'I look different as a coach, but the players were different, too,'" he recalls. "The heads were slightly larger. That's why the second year is different than the first, because you're in charge of shrinking heads."

For some coaches, the moment of Cup victory is fleeting; the euphoria replaced within days by immediate concerns over the entry draft and free agency.

"I don't think that winning a Stanley Cup as a coach has the value that it has to a player," says Hitchcock. "We move on from that pretty quickly. We probably are guilty of not allowing ourselves as much time as the rest." ❧

VAN HORNE JOINS VANCE

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Touchdown, Canada

Once on the ropes of Canadian professional sports, the CFL has bounced back.

By Marty York

"Third down and long for CFL," yelped the front-page headline on Sept. 17, 1996. The story beneath the headline transcended the usual alarms over the Canadian Football League's future.

"This is third down and long for us, and there's very little time left on the clock," said John Tory, then chairman of the CFL. "We are extremely close to folding. The league is right on the edge. And, if the league tips the wrong way, I think it will be tragic."

Somehow, the CFL never made it to the dessert tray. In fact, it has managed to reinvent itself and has slowly reappeared as a main course at, at the very least, a very nice dinner most of us wanted.

In 1996, the nine teams drew more than 1.8 million spectators. Last season, more than 2 million fans paraded through the turnstiles—an increase of 11.5 per

cent over that seven-year period. More remarkable are the television ratings. In 1996, TSN averaged 566,000 viewers for CFL games. Last year, that fig-

ure doubled to an average of 1,135,000 a game. CBC averaged 314.03 viewers per game in 1997 and 456,000 last year.

"The CFL really is an anomaly," says Reginald Bibby, a sociology professor at the University of Lethbridge in Alberta. "At a time when interest in professional sports is clearly on the decline in this country, the CFL's popularity

has gone the other way."

Bibby has found that, between 1990 and 2000, Canadians' interest in major sports decreased sharply. In 1996, for example, 38 per cent of the Canadians he polled said they followed the National Hockey League. By 2000, that number had dropped to 30 per cent. Major-league baseball's popularity fell from 26 per cent to 17.

"Yet there was no drop in the CFL, during the same period, and that's incredible," Bibby says.

You wouldn't know the CFL was a big deal if you lived in certain parts of the country. The Toronto Argonauts, for example, play in the shadows of the Maple Leafs, the Raptors and the Blue Jays. Yet CFLers argue that, considering their competition, the Argos are not all that unloved. Average attendance last season was 20,530, an increase of nearly 5,000 over 2001. "If



The Redblacks' triumph in Montreal, courtesy of the Grey Cup ball game before and after.

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This is the world of on demand business

Some are seeing it clearly. Some are accepting uncertainty, learning to adapt and thrive, finding ways to cope, even ways to accelerate. Regardless of economic climate.

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Joe Whitham can be seen for the CFL.



Joe Whitham: The CFL commissioner has not a good deal with the TV networks.

you put the Argos in a stadium smaller than the SkyDome, and they continued to draw 20,500 a game, you'd think they were very, very healthy," says CFL vice-president of communications Shawn Lackie. "It's all optics."

That's not to say that all is rosy throughout the CFL. The Hamilton Tiger-Cats, for instance, drew a league-low average of 17,868 to Irvins Stadium last season.

"To suggest that Hamilton is a trouble spot would be to suggest that the Lions can't be fixed," Lackie argues. "I think the CFL will be big in Hamilton once again in 2003, mostly because of the recognition of [defensive star] Joe Whitham."

It seems with one row to 1986. Located in Ottawa, the Rough Riders and the regiment that ran them there were so venal, so disorganized, that fans became apathetic. A franchise that had been around for almost a century deteriorated into a laughingstock. The not-so-Rough Riders attracted average turnouts of about 13,000 to their home games in their final season, 1996. Mercifully, they were allowed to turn into athletic tragedy.

Absence, however, obviously made the hearts of Ottavians grow fonder. Last year, an over-

sew group headed by Toronto sports entrepreneur Brad Warner reintroduced CFL football to the capital. The Renegades became all the rage, with an average crowd—at the same venue as the Riders—of 25,775.

“We like the CFL, and we’re proud of it.”

The story in Montreal isn't much different. The Alouettes folded in 1987. A decade later, the Als returned to Montreal. Last season, they won the Grey Cup, after selling out their 28,000-seat stadium on the McGill University campus along the way. According to CFL sources, owner Robert Winkler, a New York businessman, turned a profit of several million dollars.

"Profits were unheard of in the CFL in the 1980s," says Jeff Gilts, who was president and chief operating officer of the league from 1994 through 2000. "Money was short, and, unfortunately, the league had to bail out teams on a regular

basis. But the economic model changed considerably in the late 1990s."

So how did the CFL's economic model change?

Gilts explains it this way: Early in 1997, after Tony made his concerns public, the CFL stabilized its financial situation by obtaining a US\$35-million, interest-free loan from the National Football League.

"That helped," says Gilts, "but what really got us rolling is the [five-year, US\$37.5-million] television deal we struck with TSN. That corporate sponsor ship came, and instead of the league having sponsorships worth \$500,000, as we did in 1996, we had deals worth \$4 million and \$5 million."

CFL governors chose marketing whiz Mike Ilyko to be their commissioner in 2000. Not fond of his methods and mannerisms, they fired him last year and replaced him with Tom Wright. With an extensive background in business and marketing, Wright continues to work on corporate sponsorships and recently reached a new television deal with TSN and CBC.

"There's an affliction for the CFL now," says Herb Zuckerman, veteran football writer for the Montreal Gazette. "Years ago if people liked the

CFL, they were almost ashamed to admit it. Now they like the CFL, and they're proud of it."

Why? There's a theory that CFL players appeal to Canadians less than athletes in baseball, hockey, basketball or the NFL. The average player in the CFL collects about \$50,000 a season, "and that makes them ordinary Joes," Ilyko says. "Canadians see pro athletes such as Vince Carter and Carlos Delgado as grossly overpaid. But everyone knows players in the CFL aren't making huge salaries. That appeals to the average Canadian."

Another appeal? Affordability. This year, season ticket prices in the CFL range from \$206 in Winnipeg, Toronto and Calgary to \$280 in Montreal and Ottawa. "It costs you more than \$250 to go to one NFL or NBA game, if you consider parking, concessions and everything else," Zuckerman points out.

Lackie says the league attracts fans because of their sense of Canadian pride.

"That's definitely part of the equation," says Stenopet's GM Eric Tillman. "There's great pride in the fact that the CFL is truly a Canadian game." ■

Marty Holt is Rogers Sportsnet's football insider.

AND WE WERE WORRIED ABOUT THE STATES USING UP OUR LUMBER?

Carlos Delgado - 1,118 Career Hits (2002)



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Guest Writer
JOHN GORDON

Sex on the links: What's really at stake for women who insist on joining men in golf?

At the Rogers Sportsnet studio in Toronto where I hang out, there is not a separate washroom for white men and another for men of colour. Neither are there separate facilities for women of differing skin pigmentation.

That would be discrimination, and that would be wrong.

There is, however, one washroom for men and another for women. I suspect it is thus where you work.

That is not discrimination. It is an acknowledgment of the innate differences between men and women.

My wife, who plays in an all-women hockey league in the winter and a singles golf league in the summer, prefers to be treated by the female half of the husband-and-wife physician team we use. During the golf season, I live for my Wednesday men's league and my Sunday make-or-buy skins game. I feel no shame in saying I, too, prefer a same-sex physician for certain procedures of a probing nature. My wife, on the other hand, my wife and I, but we are all of the same opinion on these matters. On occasions, we will play the company of our own kind. My wife and I go, however, enjoy our weekly golf games together and the fact that we've been together for 20 years and have three children reflects an ongoing agreement of a wholly different disposition.

As I wrote that, Marlene Burk, head of the National Council of Women's Organizations, continues to agitate for Augusta National to admit a woman member. As you read this, Anne Sorenstam, the world's most dominant player — among her peers at least — is about to play on a sponsor's exemption in the PGA Tour's Colonial tournament between May 22 and 25

ing champ Phil Mickelson a losing sleep over the road.

This is not a glowing secret sayer. This is reality. It was our time, and so it should remain.

My friend David Owen writes a monthly column for Golf

Groups Across America, by Tamara Krenn and Barbara Camens.

In response to his essay, the women at Owen's golf club in Connecticut, successfully had him removed as the club's golf chairman.

On the day before the start of this year's Masters, I asked Marlene Burk about the women-only membership policy of the Ladies' Golf Club of Toronto. John Mackenzie founded the Ladies' GC 80 years ago to provide a place where women, who were widely discriminated against, could play without restriction. "Men should be admitted as members," Burk said.

A day after this year's Masters, Augusta National chairman Hootie Johnson said, "There will never be a female member, six months after The Masters, a year, 10 years or over." The club, he says, is prepared to continue with that revered tradition. "Inclusively" without sponsorship. In this struggle with Augusta National, an immovable object, the headline-addressed Burk is increasingly becoming a most like force.

Do the twisted and under appearances of Sorenstam and Whaley in men's tournaments strike a blow for what is perceived as sexual equality? Or will their inevitable failure reinforce, in a negative fashion, that there are undeniable physiological and social differences between the sexes?

Perhaps a class lies in the words inscribed on a bumper sticker that once adorned LPGA star Patty Sheehan's car: "Women who seek equality with men lack ambition." ♀

John Gordon is Rogers Sportsnet's golf analyst.



In Texas (Her invitation was a play by the tournament's title sponsor, whom I won't identify, to sell more tickets.) Despite her much-ballyhooed ("60 Minutes," even) fitness and strength regimen, she lacks the overall distance, short game and putting abilities to survive the 36-hole cut, much less finish in the top 10.

Do the heels of Sorenstam's fully will come the public humiliation of club pro Suzi Whaley, who will also fail to make the cut at the Greater Hartford Open, which begins on July 24. Whaley got her bid by winning a regional qualifier at just some 700 yards shorter than her male opponents. In April, she finished tied for 33rd in a 6,300-yard event on the Futures Tour, the LPGA's developmental circuit, with such world beaters as Kristie Dufur, Nicha Bodenro and Erika Hecaf. (Who else?) Did I would doubt that GHD (Golf

Digest) in March, he wrote a 5,000-word essay titled "The Case for Men's Clubs." It commenced with a personal anecdote in which he presented a female friend with the following quotes: "While men's golf clubs are diverse, their members have a common desire to create sustained bonds with other men."

"Men's golf clubs offer a sense of brotherhood, a common body of experience and knowledge, a sense of continuity." "We see for ever being told to give more energy, more time, to our marriage, our career, our children, our community. Men's golf clubs tell us to spend more time with our male friends."

Only after a predictably unfavourable response to the quote did Owen reveal that he had lifted them, with minor modifications, from the introduction to a popular recent book called "Men's Night Out: Celebrating Women's

“
Hootie: immovable
Burk: resistible
”



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genderparadoxes

People with intersex conditions want the shame and stigma to end

IS IT A GIRL OR A BOY? That's the first question all new parents ask at the birth of their baby. And one that usually gets a quick and clear answer. So John and Mary—an Ontario couple who want to remain anonymous—were understandably alarmed when the doctor in the delivery room of their small community hospital seemed confused: "It's a boy. No, it's a girl. It's a boy. We don't know." The baby—their second child, now five—was born with ambiguous

genitalia, a marker for intersex, a range of conditions in which an individual has a mix of male and female biological features. The pregnant parents had to wait nearly a week while doctors determined their child's sex. "You're overwhelmed," says John. "Your child is not quite right in the genital department. It's not enlarging." In the meantime, they couldn't nurse the infant and had to find off family and friends who, naturally, wanted to know the baby's gen-

der. "We had to hold people at bay," says Mary. "We said, 'We'll get back to you.'"

Intersex is more prevalent than people realize, occurring in roughly one of every 2,000 newborns. That makes it nearly as common as cystic fibrosis. But it has been shrouded in so much secrecy that many don't even know it exists. The term intersex is relatively new, adopted a couple of decades ago to replace the more loaded designation "hermaphrodite." But the con-

ILLUSTRATION BY JENNIFER HARRIS

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dyline has been documented through the ages in such authoritative texts as the Talmud. Some historians conjecture that Joan of Arc, Queen Elizabeth I and Walter Simpson were intersexes.

Intersex was once considered so shameful that doctors advised parents never to tell their affected children. But the truth usually emerged, and inevitably it came as a great shock. Eden Atwood, a Minnesota-based jazz singer, recalls her panic when she learned at 14 that she had the intersex condition androgen insensitivity syndrome (AIS). Atwood's stepmother cruelly blurted out the reason she had not begun to menstruate: "She told me, in a semi-dramatic voice, 'You're half man, half woman,'" says Atwood. "All I could think of was, 'Oh my God, I'm a monster! I was so stupid!'"

The taboo is beginning to fade, partly because of the efforts of intersexuals like California's Cheryl Chase, who is co-chairing their anger and frustration into activism. Chase founded the Intersex Society of North America in 1993, and over the past decade thousands of individuals, as well as some highly respected doctors and academics, have joined the fight to erase the stigma. Intersex is not to be confused with homosexuality. Unlike the North American gay rights movement has helped create an atmosphere that is increasingly tolerant of those who differ from the sexual norm, And intersexuals are slowly gaining the confidence to reach out to each other. "We've progressed," says Atwood, "remembering how she felt when signing up in 1994 for an Internet support group for people with AIS. 'We were not afraid to call each other our names. It was thrilling and liberating!'"

Intersex is gradually finding its way into the popular culture. In recent years Prime-time TV shows like *ER* and *Friends* have dealt with it—acrimoniously. Recent books like Amy Poehler's essay collection, *Normal*, and Jeffrey Eugenides' novel, *Middlesex*, which won a Pulitzer Prize, present a more realistic and sympathetic view of intersexuals. The central character of *Middlesex*, Callie, has 5 alpha in ductus, which causes apparently normal girls to masculinize at puberty. Eugenides, who describes his book as the story of "a real person who happens to have an intersex condition," told *Maxwell's*: "I used to think of it as therapy directed at people from its early history as a pathological condition. But Callie is someone everyone can relate to every-

one's body changes at puberty. Her experience in many ways is different only in degree." Callie's condition is among the few syndromes—usually genetic—that account for about 80 percent of intersex cases in North America and Europe. But there was no history of the condition in John and Mary's family. "It was, 'Wow, where the hell did this come from!'" says John. "Do we know what caused this thing? It's an anomaly." Shortly after delivery, their baby was transferred to Atwood's hospital for Sick Children, where a team of specialists examined her. In cases of ambiguous infant genitalia, it can take weeks or months for medical experts to make a diagnosis, says Dr. Daniel Meninger, a pediatric endocrinologist at British Columbia's Children's Hospital in Vancouver. But he notes that physicians usually assign gender within a week.

And so it was with John and Mary's child. The baby had a penis and male chromo-



'I LIVED UNDER the shroud of secrecy for so long,' says Atwood. 'But then I got angry. I don't have androgen receptors. Big flippin' deal!'

somes in her skin and organs, but also had a uterus, an ovary and a fallopian tube, as well as female chromosomes in her blood. Doctors concluded she should be raised a female. "Most of her plumbing is that of a girl," says John. "These questions aren't bad." They removed the penis and recommended cosmetic genital surgery. "She was a normal girl in appearance except for her chest, which stuck out," says Mary. She notes that her daughter had a "breakthrough"—surgery to reduce the size of her breasts.

"Post-surgically, it looked so beautiful!"

Intersexuals are leading scientists and society to reconsider long-held ideas of what it means to be male or female. "Having my daughter," says John, "forced me to learn that because you have testicles doesn't mean you are male—or if you don't, you are less a male." Meninger says medicine is starting to understand that there is a complex interplay between chromosomes, gonads and hormones that affects a child's anatomy. And he cautions that the biologically perfect male or female may be only an illusion. "We all have little mistakes in our bodies," says Meninger, suggesting that subtle forms of intersex and other abnormalities are widespread, and often undetected. A man who is infertile may go unnoticed until a woman finds she can't get pregnant; an infertile male might discover he has an erection. Meninger contends that anatomy is a continuum, with many people falling somewhere between the poles of "pure" female and "pure" male—and with intersexuals in the middle.

But that middle ground can be a terribly logy place in a society that still has contempt for sexual ambiguity. Atwood spent 15 years hiding her AIS. "I was so consumed with fear that someone would find out," she says. The 34-year-old singer has XY (male) chromosomes, but developed external female genitalia because of a genetic defect that prevented her body from responding to the male hormones produced by her testes, hidden in her abdomen. In AIS-and related, the gene that makes androgen receptors is either missing or broken. At birth, Atwood looked like a normal baby girl. And the intersex trigger, a Klinefelter sex-opera anomaly, looks and feels totally female. "Every younger year, I got a lot of male attention," she says. "I have a normal sexual response." But, as a teen, the same desire for being different—knowing she would never menstruate or have children—made her feel a woman—male on the inside. "It made me a nervous wreck. My self-esteem was on the gutter."

Last fall, Atwood decided to come out. "I lived under the shroud of secrecy for so long, but then I got angry. I don't have androgen receptors. Well, big flippin' deal!" The liner notes of her new CD, *Music: The Blues* (New Street), disclose her secret. "It's stand up and sing I have AIS, a little girl got it," she says. "I have AIS too," she says. "I never want a young person to go through what I did." Advocates are working to erase the stig-



Eugenides' Pulitzer Prize-winning novel presents a realistic, sympathetic portrayal of a real person who happens to have an intersex condition

ma associated with intersex and to change medical practice—especially genital surgery. Because it is, in the nomenclature of one surgeon, "easier to dig a hole than build a pole," most infants with ambiguous anatomy have been assigned the female sex and had surgery to create a vagina. The approach has been widely used without psychological theory that infantes are blank slates—"It's the genitals and the child's gender with no appropriate nursing."

But in recent years, some intersexuals have come forward with horrific stories of operations that left them with seared, painful, infection-prone genitalia. "Anytime you cut people's genitals it compromises their ability to enjoy sexual pleasure," insists Chase. Intersexuals also argue that genital "corrections" can inflict psychological damage—because "the surgery is done in an act of shame and secrecy," ex-

plains Alice Dreger, a professor of medicine and technology studies at Michigan State University and chair of the Intersex Society of North America. And, in some cases, the surgery contradicts the individual's innate sense of their gender. "We hear from a number of people who were born with a mix of male and female anatomy and grew up being raised with female hormones," notes Dreger, "who feel absolutely male."

Advocates argue that children should be able to grow up with ambiguous parts and decide for themselves as adults. The medical community has been listening. "Surgeries are being postponed or not happening as commonly as they used to," says Meninger. Meanwhile, some surgeons say improved techniques can "normalize" genital appearance without compromising future sexual function. Efforts have also paved the way for "very often, functionally, there's nothing

wrong—the child is just farther out on the normal spectrum of variations," notes Arthur Prentis, a University of Calgary sociologist professor who specializes in bioethics and is a member of the Surgically Shaping Children project group at the Hastings Center, a U.S. research institute. "But parents want the best for their children, and the best often translates into normal."

John and Mary decided with the issues before concerning to their daughter's surgery. "In the end, it was an easy decision," says Mary. "You would have to explain it to a baby-sitter, to daycare, at swimming lessons, at birthday parties. Other kids would say, 'What's that?'" The couple wants to protect her in a world that discriminates against those who deviate from the sexual norm. But the response to Atwood's disclosure suggests attitudes may be changing. "No one," observes the singer, "had a strong thing." □



GOOD, BAD AND UGLY

The newest U.S. economic problem is the loss of white-collar jobs to Asia

ON MAY 6, the Federal Reserve announced a war centered about excessive deflation. Investors assumed the Fed would nip up the necessary printing press. Bond and stock markets soared; the American dollar plunged, boosting gold prices.

Deflation—a sustained slide in prices for goods and services that promotes rising asset prices—has occurred now continuously since 1984. Deflation is a Good Thing.

Deflation—a sustained collapse in prices for goods, services, assets and real estate—has not occurred since the Depression (except in Japan). April's U.S. producer price index (wholesale prices), released last week, fell 1.9 per cent, the biggest drop in 56 years. Deflation is a Bad Thing.

Most economists say that deflation can be averted. So print enough money. But debt of Japanese deflation agree that the excess monetary creation and demand for real estate and stocks in the 1980s created a bubble that the Bank of Japan finally deflated to people in 1996-1998. It has been engaged since then in demonstrating the challenging physics of deflating a global bubble. That disaster was Fed chairman Alan Greenspan's excuse for continuing to print money exorbitantly from 1997 to 2000, until the war in the stocks. Since the disaster didn't metastasize into real estate, the Fed said this wasn't a Japanese-style bubble and the stock market would correct itself without economic damage. That was one terrible call.

The economic downturn that began when Nasdaq collapsed still bedevils the industrial world. Massive over-investment in Internet gear not only brought down the technology industry, destroying millions of jobs, but devastated the usually reliable telephone industry. As long distance charges across the Web went to near zero, jobs for engineers, accountants, administrators, phone center personnel and other white-collar positions began migrating massively to Asia, a process that has been gaining strength by the month. Cost-cutting is the only

common ground.

This is technology deflation. When educated English speakers in Asia can compete for good jobs in the industrial world without leaving home, then people who earn one-tenth or one-fifth what North Americans earn become formidable competitors. In earlier economic cycles it was manufacturing jobs that migrated to low-wage economies. That process still occurs—in spades—but it is part of a larger overseas trend. Printing more money in the U.S. and Europe does little to improve the competitive position of local workers. Ironically, it causes greater consumer demand for imported goods and services, thereby speeding up the impact of jobs. This export trend has become the Americans' biggest economic problem.

THE INDUSTRIAL world is drowning in a torrent of imports from China at prices that keep falling even as the volume of imports increases

Meanwhile, deflation is being imported. The industrial world is drowning in a sustained torrent of imports from China at prices that keep falling even as the volume of imports increases. During the deflation of the Great Depression, protectionism kept global market shares roughly stable as economic activity declined—money was hoarded. This time, China's global market share, though an accountants' economist's worst enemy, is rising. China's manufacturers who keep their plants open at cost prices, so China promotes price deflation even for goods made in the West.

Many economists have argued that the Japanese deflation experience is unique, because of the demographic deflation that began that country's economy. The long slide in Japan's birth rate has meant the nation has

not been replacing itself for decades. Who wants to pay up for real estate when the population is heading toward zero (historically, estimates project, in the 24th century)?

If Japan's demographically driven deflation is irrelevant to us?

Maybe Japan's just ahead of the curve. Demographic deflation now spreads across the industrial world. The most powerful driver of our new kind of deflation isn't tight money or China or technology, but birth control. In this decade, populations will peak in Germany, Italy, Spain, and other countries within the Eurozone. Construction of homes, schools, hospitals, office buildings, shopping centers and highways to meet the needs of an expanding population is the one major industry that is usually immune to offshore competition. When that industry experiences decline, many of the basic economic relationships that have defined what we know as appropriate fiscal and monetary policies no longer work to create demand for domestic workers. More on such nations event (growing national wealth from rising home prices).

The U.S. has the strongest demography in the industrial world—just above the replacement rate. Why? Because of the growing number of Latinos. Not only are they immigrating, they have high fertility rates since they're here. Latinos are already more populous in this country than African-Americans, and they are the most powerful force in making the home building industry's status as the most vibrant sector of the economy. Indeed, had home building not stayed strong when the economy did into the tech-driven recession, that would have been the worst economic downturn since the Depression.

Japan avoided outright depression because of its permanent trade surplus—which meant it imports little. The U.S. runs a permanent trade deficit that now exceeds five per cent of GDP, so it has lost an estimated million jobs. Will the central bankers in the U.S. and Europe even deflation and restore strong economic growth? If you look at the bankers, buy more equities. If you think they'll fail, buy more bonds and gold stocks.

If you're like me, you diversify your assets, because you can't predict the outcome. ■

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Columns | PETER C. NEWMAN



JUST SAY NO TO GEORGE W.

Ottawa must reject joining the missile defence shield—or the debris could be us

THE CHRETIEN CABINET'S most urgent priority these days is to decide whether Canada should join George W. Bush's National Missile Defence (NMD) shield. The expectation is that if we do, the White House will forgive us for opting out of the Iraq oil jet. The issue has been pointed by its advocates as the ultimate test of our loyalty to the defence of North America, the last chance to establish our international relevance and moral focus with the Yanks. In fact, the decision is about as colossal as the inevitable appointment by John Chretien of Edko Goldberg to the Senate.

It's only fitting that George W. Bush hasn't neglected us in granting the right moral challenge of how to so defend the U.S. of A. against hostile nuclear America several decades. Unfortunately, in fact, he has assigned to Canada a task described as "debris acceptance." Translated into English, this means that if the Pentagon gets its mega-complexed conception to work, and if some future Saddam Hussein is dumb enough to challenge it, the resultant debris will be us.

The White House has already ordered the Pentagon to build another 10 land-based interceptors to meet the already on-strap in Port George in Alaska. At the same time, Washington is negotiating with the Danish government to upgrade the U.S. radar station in Thule, Greenland. Given the name of the country that occupies the so much land in between. If this Star Wars fantasy proceeds, our real estate will become the last line of the Third World War—the battlefield over which incoming and defensive missiles will collide, with predictable results. (At least the Tories and Canadian Members will finally recognize, their members being mixed together, as will most Canadians, caught up in a catastrophe that defies description.)

The good news is that it's almost certainly not going to happen, he had news that whether or not we agree to become part of this Bush league scheme (which fits some-

where between George Lucas and Don Quixote) makes not the slightest sense of difference. Defense Minister John McCallum's assumption that if Canada remains aloof, the decision on how to defend the continent will be made unilaterally in Washington is told whether we come or not. The debris becomes only very quickly imagine any Canadian PM phoning any American president to demand that he refrain from aiming missiles that would damage St. Jean Baptiste Day in Montreal, the Grey Cup in Calgary or the Gay Pride Parade in Vancouver. And that's not the wildest part. The system doesn't work. Thomas Claitor, the Pentagon's top evaluator of weapons programs, admitted three months ago that NMD "has yet to demonstrate significant operational capability." In the most recent test, held 130

THE PLAN makes sense only as the forerunner of the American military's attempt to control outer space, the fourth frontier of warfare

miles above the Pacific Ocean on Dec. 18, 2002, the defence missile failed to separate from its booster rocket. The intercepting projectile is meant to hit the incoming nuclear warhead and destroy it with kinetic energy. It's the equivalent of shooting bullets down with bullets. The White House believes that "if you build it, it will work," quips Larry Bush, a member of the U.S. Council on Foreign Relations.

Even Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld, who is chief champion of the idea, as he acknowledges that the National Missile Defense system will be put in place before it is fully developed. (His slogan for the operation should be: "READY? FIRE? AIM?") Rumsfeld has comfortably trouble explain any NMD's abiding mystery: who, exactly, will launch the hostile missiles that require

building this goofy system, expected to eventually cost \$1 billion? (It's never would do George Orwell, the original critic of doublespeak, proud. "The absence of evidence is not evidence of absence," Rumsfeld has said. "The failure to detect such programs does not necessarily mean they don't exist.")

Right. Iraq's non-existent weapons of mass destruction proved his point. While international terrorism remains a lethal threat, and its practitioners are ruthless fanatics, they are not stupid. Why spend billions developing a guided missile, when you can create the most horrible event in American domestic history simply by buying a dozen one-way airline tickets?

North Korea, which taps the last of rogue states with nuclear and missile technology, has also only developed the Taepo-Dong I, a medium-range projectile that can't reach beyond Japan. In succession, the yet-to-be-tested Taepo-Dong II, funded by the CIA as pretesting "the range to devastate American territory." Not quite. Besides it works, the only sustained U.S. military-sponsored range would allow it to devastate would be the barren and unpopulated flatlands, at the far edge of Alaska's Alaskan coast.

The most telling criticism of the U.S. survives comes from Canadian Nobel laureate John Polanyi. "NMD points the world down the wrong path," he wrote recently in the *Globe and Mail*. "In the course of NMD, outer space will then become weaponized. Satellites, now the vital eyes and ears of the world, will be targeted." Polanyi claims go to the root of the Bush strategy. NMD only makes sense as the forerunner of the U.S. military's attempt to control outer space. Rumsfeld has significantly strengthened the Air Force Space Command and its Web site fully speculates about the American domination of space, as the fourth frontier of warfare.

Meanwhile, the NMD debate rages on. No way should we volunteer our air and ground space as future nuclear battlefields. Two decades ago when Ronald Reagan was announcing Canada into joining his own Star Wars initiative, Prime Minister Brian Mulroney refused to go along, though the U.S. president was his son-and-daughter partner John Chretien should follow the Mulroney precedent. □

Peter C. Newman's column appears monthly. pnewman@shaw.ca

'WE CALL IT ACTIVE ESCAPISM'

Molson's CEO on the global beer business and marketing Brazilian suds

IN HIS FIRST TWO YEARS as head of Montreal-based Molson Inc., Dan O'Neill focused on Canada. He closed breweries, laid off staff and tied his managers' pay to the company's share price, which more than doubled to \$50. The company now wants to become one of the world's largest beer makers, and introducing Brazilian beer to Canadians is part of that strategy. The company bought a small Brazilian brewery called Bavaia in 2000 and spent \$1.1 billion in 2002 to purchase the country's second largest brewery, Companhia Kaiser SA. Now, an ad campaign, featuring a bikini-clad Brazilian, has just been launched to promote Molson's first Brazilian label, A Meca Bavaia. O'Neill, 51, met recently with *Wine & Spirits* National Business Correspondent Katherine Mackinnon.

Why import a Brazilian beer?

The Bavaia brand is a 100-year-old product from Brazil and we're bringing it into the country to compete with super-premium imported imports—the Heinekens, Seattles, Corsons and the Beck's. This segment of the market is really the growth engine of the Canadian beer industry. The liquid is not bitter, so most imports are. It's an easy drinking beer.

Do you like it?

I love it! I much prefer easy-tasting brands. Export, for me, is a little bitter.

You've said you wanted to boost Molson's market share in Canada. How does importing Bavaia fit that strategy?

The Canadian marketplace is divided into the super-premium, premium and value beer. We did not have one of our own products competing in the super-premium import segment. Bringing Bavaia up from Brazil gives us the ability to get into the higher margin products.

Out of the roughly 600 super-premium beers sold in Canada, you want this one to be in the top five. How do you plan to do it?

You have to make sure you're appealing to the right market. We're looking at a drinking age of about 24, the younger segment.

What's the pitch that comes with this beer?

People are asking us always, "How is this different from Corona?" Well, Corona's about holidays and relaxing and eating up a little. This is very much about getting out and forgetting and enjoying on Friday night at a club—partying like mad. It's carnival. We call that active escapism.

Depending on what numbers you look at, Molson's market share has slipped a little. What's happening?

Anyone in Canada could grow it one if they wanted to. It's not a hard thing if you reduce the price. We are going to start pushing the quality of our brands.

On the cost side, what have you done?

In the last three years, we've reduced costs by \$152 million. We had no more breweries in Canada. We had two breweries 100 km apart that were both working at less than 50 per cent capacity. We had to make the hard decision and close one. We did a lot of work to see how Molson-Canada compares to other brewers around the world. On every dollar of sales, we were making 18.3 cents, while other guys were making 28, 29 or 30 cents. Something's wrong with that equation.

The industry, globally, has been consolidating.

Everyone would have loved to take us over, for obvious reasons. They knew that our 18.3 is not even good enough on a global scale, so we would probably have ended up like Labatt, bought out by somebody else. I was brought in to build a great Canadian global company. Now, after three years, we've gone from the 24th largest brewer to the 12th. That certainly feels comfortable that we can be a global brewer, we have to get to number 7 or 8.

What other markets are you looking at outside of Canada?

About three years ago we did a huge global study. We picked three countries we'd be interested in, and Brazil was one of them.

What are the other two countries?

I don't want to tell you, because they may come up again. By September we will have our debt level back to where it was before we spent \$1 billion to buy the Brazilian company. So the question becomes, "What's out there that we can buy?"

How much of a challenge are the micro-breweries?

The policy macrobreweries, they're doing extremely well. Most of them have raised their prices back so they can compete and that makes it a little more difficult. In Western Canada they're doing a really good job.

What can you do in response to them?

Not much. I mean, because we look like the big guy fighting the little guy and we have to be cautious of what we do. They get a huge amount of government support.

What about the U.S. market?

We're only in nine states and 22 states. That's over 60 per cent of Molson's U.S. business. But Molson-Canada has huge upside in the U.S., and I think we have to recognize that. As a matter of fact, I wrote notes on the airplane this morning on that subject.

But Heinekens pulled back in the U.S. market.

The reality is we missed that whole growth cycle in the U.S. We focused on older-style brands, Molson Golden and Molson Ice, so now we're bringing in Molson-Canada's growing 34 per cent a year. It's got a lot to do to catch up to the marketplace.

You've come from H. J. Heinz Co. and Campbell Soup Co. Now is the beer business different from the food industry?

They're similar but the beer business is different.



ferent in the breadth of activities. Where you import (the consumer is much broader) or in the beer industry than it is in the house products or food business. If a consumer can't find Tide detergent, or Colgate toothpaste, they're going to go to the next store. They have a commitment to that product. With beer, if their brand isn't there, they'll pick one of another four or five. That's the difference.

Do people identify with their beer?

They sure do! Where do people drink

Heinekens? Down on Bay Street. Well, would they drink Corona? Not in that setting. They would drink Corona in an outdoor patio on the summer months at lunch. You see, these are different people in different occasions. If you go to someone's house for dinner, or you're out to dinner with your boss and you want to have a beer, what beer would you order? Well, if they have Beck's you'd probably order Beck's as opposed to Molson Canadian. Pure passion is really important. And people are very nervous about that.

What's at home in your fridge?

Molson Canadian and Beck's are in my fridge and any wine cellar.

Your wine cellar?

In Montreal it's important to have a wine cellar. I've got 15 kinds of beer, and all these wine grants are totally applied that my wine cellar is an array of beer. No matter if you come to my house and you want to anyone of our most obscure beers, I have a black beer we produce in Brazil called Xingu. It's my wine cellar anyone wants it. ☐



ART FOR EVERYONE

Stop funding elitist culture and support ventures that unite us

ASK CANADIANS about their priorities for government spending, and funding for the arts and culture will rank up near the bottom of their list (aside if it routinely winds up for last place with foreign aid). Anyone is routinely involved in this vote, however, knows that the response of the "average" citizen masks deep differences within the population on the demand for public support for the arts and culture. While the wisdom of funding symphonies, book publishers, museums and their ilk may be lost on the masses, legions of cultural bureaucrats, mayors and volunteers seem to spend their days lobbying policymakers on the need for more funds for the arts. In fact, while it is rarely in the forefront of public debate, there may well be no single issue that divides elites and the general public more than this question.

The arguments in support of cultural funding, however, are many, varied, rarely coherent and most often revolve around questions as to which constituency within the arts and cultural community is in most need of, or would benefit most from, this support. Rarely stated, but rarely implicit, is the premise that Canadian culture (at least at this point) is not economically or artistically viable. Many are disappointed, however, at the underlying belief that the average Canadian is not sufficiently interested in any of these forms of cultural expression to pay either through taxes or at the box office for our master community, cultural institutions or the public institutions that exhibit and host cultural events.

For their part, many working in the arts don't seem overly worried about the state of affairs. A community that believes art is so essential that it expects the many to rush into their pocket to fund its pursuits, also sees art as a sensible only for the few. It should be no surprise, then, that the context of the definition of culture elicits passive discontent or active disdain from the people being asked to subsidize culture.

It's time to consider a different case for

culture, one that, I believe, the population would support and that, in the end, would benefit the entire community much more than the current regime of endless subsidies and inflated salaries. This view stems from a perspective normally absent from the debate over funding the arts. It focuses on the purpose culture serves in terms of society and citizenship. Measures the "value" of cultural endeavours not in the end product (the art), but in the means by which they integrate into community life. It makes more sense to base support for cultural endeavours on their potential to generate the citizenship than on why the various groups asking for support think they're important.

Here's a real-life example of how a focus on citizenship rather than creation benefits the public and creates allies. In 1988, a young man named Carl Hayman launched a film festival in what seemed to many an unlikely place: Sudbury, Ont., a mining community that had never before hosted the opening of a Canadian movie. Against all odds, and in the face of much skepti-

'I SEE A COMMUNITY OF PEOPLE who appreciate the meaning of culture in their lives and are ready to reach into their pockets'

cism from the film community, his festival became an overwhelming success. Hayman braved heat, launching the Northern Film Circuit in 1992 to tour Canadian pictures, and often their directors, on a tour of such cultural hotspots as Killarney Lake, Timmins and Sudbry. Since, in almost every case, the film sold out and the audiences treated the directors as visiting royalty.

Today, Hayman's Film Circuit visits 106 Canadian centres and has just expanded to include 15 in Britain. This year will see a

spread to another 40 in Canada and five in the United States. Total attendance has doubled every two years, now totalling a quarter-million patrons. In Canada, 28 per cent of attendees are those for Canadian film, compared to less than two per cent of the commercial movie audience. In Britain and the States, the entire lineup is Canadian—pretty much the only way those audiences can see the Canadian product.

And how much of Hayman's money comes from government support? For the first few years, almost none. Now, having proven his project's value as a showcase of Canadian cinema, he gets approximately half his annual budget—or \$390,000—from government sources. At the same time, the box office he generates earns the film and pays the same that—\$1.5 million per year. Compared to the funding agency, Telefilm Canada, which spent more than \$200 million last year on 566 projects that drew people outside Hayman's circuit, would say:

Still, the economics of the two approaches is not the real motivation for adopting a new approach to arts funding. The fact is, Carl Hayman's Film Circuit isn't only creating an audience for Canadian film, it also uses art and culture to bring Canadians together, giving them a greater sense of sharing and, yes, citizenship. The rationale for reforming the use for culture in this way stems from the alternative taking place in modern-day Western societies. The Harvard social commentator Robert Putnam calls the phenomenon "bowling alone." While that phrase is so popular in use, he observes, the number of bowling leagues and teams has decreased dramatically. So too have the chances of family get-togethers or having friends over for dinner, and memberships in parent-teacher associations and other bonding activities capable of bringing people together in a sense of community.

Television and the Internet, suburban commuting, two-career families and increased mobility have all led to the diffusion of per-

sonal contact and the increasing atomization of modern-day society. The research suggests that these changes lead to the erosion of social support, co-operation, trust and instrumental functioning. In a more general way, the evidence also indicates that when diversity are brought into contact with one another toward a common cause or purpose, there is less violent crime, better educational performance, lower levels of teen pregnancy, improved health and even higher personal incomes. At the same time, culture—viewed in terms of the gal-vanting effect it has on our sense of shared responsibility—has the properties required to create this sense of community.

Think of art and cultural expression in terms of their effect on citizenship (rather than as the contraindicated groups involved in the "products" of culture) and the criteria for funding become crystal clear. If the

case for culture rests with its effectiveness to community, then the scarcity of state support—and the yardstick against which eligibility for funding should be measured—must be the citizen. This means funding for superior publishers who lose a reading room in school's budget. For the isolated who yearn a revolving art installation in a building lobby. For churches, schools and recreation centres—public spaces that sit empty much of the time—to hold gatherings and discussions around art, music and literature. For festival holders, concert goers, museum and theatre.

And where would this leave our impoverished citizens? Well, as a community invested and accountable by art, one that, over time, would come to see in parks, writers, musicians and performers a core citizenry rather than (as is so often the case today) something unsavory to avoid

they culture recipients. And out of that environment, I believe, would emerge only better citizens, but better persons of the arts. I envision a growing community of people who appreciate the meaning of culture in their lives and are ready to reach into their pocket in recognition of the efforts of the creators and neighbours in their midst.

Far from reducing funding for the arts, these changes would require significant investments in infrastructure, public spaces and access that draw inside artists and bring culture closer to the taxpayer. This is a new test for responsiveness, but for cultural democracy—a policy regime that, instead of tinkering private philanthropy, would direct public funding of the arts to communities, institutions and organizations working to deep art and citizenship to a single focus.

Allan R. Gregg is chairman of the polling and consulting firm The Strategic Counsel.





DIAMONDS AND DREAMS

Happiness is a bat, a ball and a chance to play for pay, writes MICHAEL SNIDER

The first ever Canadian Baseball League games are being played this week in London, Ont., Sudbourn, York-Rivers, Ont., and Calgary. Snider's reporter Michael Snider, 32, signed up for league tryouts, and filed this report.

I'VE BEEN HUMMING Bruce Springsteen's *Glory Days* all morning and the noise is still in my head as I walk through the clubhouse tunnel toward the field. I had a friend who

the pitcher's on as Snider takes his cuts in the cage, trying to express the angst.

a big baseball player (back in a high school) he could throw that speed ball by you. Make you look like a fool. Boy. My brain, new mental spurs going, across the concrete floor, and will think the biggest wins onto the field, a cool spring breeze brushes my face and the sunshine is so bright I have to dip the brim

of my cap to shade my eyes. Out on the freshly cut grass of London's venerable Labatt Park, more than 160 players are limbering up, getting ready for tryouts to fill the last roster spots in the new eight-team Canadian Baseball League. I drop my bag on the mountain of rubber, stretch my legs into my warm catcher's mitts and jog to an empty piece of grass to begin stretching.

God, I love this game. I used somewhere

that the word "pander" comes from the first season for "field of green." The diamond has always been my paradise. From February until October, and sometimes beyond, I think of baseball more often than I want about anything else—coaching, throwing, making plays and crashing the cover off the ball. I've played the game competitively almost every summer since I was seven, and I've even had a taste of the pros. Got it with Mike Tipton two summers as a bullpen catcher for the Ottawa Lynx when they were still the Montreal Expos' Triple A farm club. It wasn't glorious work. I'd warm up the starting pitcher before the game, then sit in the pen until the reliever was needed.

Still, knowing you're good enough to be there but not good enough to fit there is what nagged me. So when the CBL put out the call waving players to try out for the league, I signed up, and to my amazement on a late-April day, I have come to the park with something to prove. Sure, I'm here as a reporter sensibly to write a story about the tryouts, but I sell external the prospect—all it is a dream—that at the end of the camp I might be asked to play for real. I at least want to give it my best shot, in part because of another refrain from that Springsteen song: *Glory days, well they'll pass you by, glory days, the work of a young girl's glory days, glory days*.

The CBL is the brainchild of Tony Rivera, an Irish-New Yorker who moved for the Cleveland Indians before heading north with a dream of his own. It's Mike Rivera (four years to get to this week's opening day, from conceiving the league in London, Canada's greatest pitcher ever and our only Hall of Famer, to be league commissioner, and building a business model that attracted investors such as former Microsoft exec Charles Lee and Jeff Miller, former president of Yahoo!) His plan is to build an independent league in Canada similar to ones in Japan, Taiwan and Mexico, with a Canadian contract rule to develop homegrown talent. Payoffs are limited to a monthly maximum of \$40,000 per club, and that's Canadian dollars. And since the league owns the teams, there are no bidding wars for top players. There are teams in Baltimore, Ill., Victoria, Calgary and Sudbourn in the western division, and Niagara, London, and Toronto in the Montreal in the east.

And 160 guys at this tryout want to be part of it. The camp attracts players from



Rivera and Mike (middle) judge Canadian Baseball League tryouts for their pitching, fielding, hitting, throwing and running.

Japan, Latin America and the U.S. The bulk, though, are Canadian boys like Alex Corbin, a 25-year-old catcher who drove west from Mississauga, Ont. Sure, Mike O'Halloran, a stocky pitcher from Toronto who threw in Double A, even has some pro experience. But to a man we're serious, wondering how good we were compared to the next guy. A few have come in groups and chatter loudly about women and late-night drinking bouts. Mostly, though, the first thing asked is "So, where'd you play?" It's a loaded question—baseball's competitive, and we're trying to figure out where we fit into the hierarchy. One fellow from Kitchener, Ont., tells me he led the Interscholastic Baseball League in hitting last year. Another talks about his unbelievable pitching record in college. Some guys

look like they've been here before. They're the guys who will stretch alone or hang back, knowing they'll have plenty of time to warm up when their turn comes.

As it turns out, he's in charge. Rivera, director of baseball operations John Haar, and Tom Valde, a former scout and head of the Canadian Baseball Hall of Fame, line up along the first baseline and tell us how the "beauty contest," as Valde calls it, will be run. Of course, Rivera, including Willie Wilson, a former all-star outfielder with the Kansas City Royals who's managing the London Monarchs. Valde, a hulking man with drill-sergeant dimensions, tells us we'll each be getting a number. "Don't forget it," he says. He splits the squad into positions, sending the pitchers and catchers with Rivera to the bullpen, and the infielders and outfielders onto the grass for time trials.

In No. 206, and another Canadian's the toughest day-to-day position in baseball. Deliberately, catchers participate in every play—and because they have a full view of the park, they often serve as on-field commentators. They have to know their weaknesses, knowing the strengths and weaknesses of each batter, who's on base and whether they're swinging threat, and when or where working for the pitcher. Catching is tough when 40-odd pitchers swing for a handful of inner spots are trying to throw hard enough to knock down a house.

That's why catching Todd Eder is a dream. The 29-year-old right hander from Coquitlam, B.C., is a quiet guy, polite and friendly, with a close knit ear on the inside of his elbow from surgery to repair a torn ligament. He grew up just across the Ohio River from Cincinnati, cheering for the Reds and, like many kids, dreaming of one day playing for them. The Reds drafted him in 1990 and he made it to Triple A before moving out his arm. Now he's working on a comeback. The moment Eder goes into his windup I can see he knows what he's doing. His delivery is fluid, compact and stays the same no matter what kind of pitch he throws. And his stuff—wow. If you've never heard a 90-mph or better fastball, you're missing something. It's like an air blower blowing behind hitting the mitt, uncatchable stuff.

While the bullpen session continues, the infielders and outfielders begin to hit. Throwing, hitting practice in Haar, Canada's No. 1 Baseball. A former major leaguer, Haar has been developing Canadian talent for three



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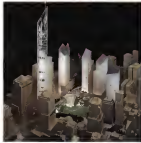
Daniel Libeskind sets out to affirm, even when commemorating death, JONATHAN DURBIN reports

For his winning WTC design, the architect drew on "deep conversations" in New York

DURING A RECENT lecture at Toronto's Royal Ontario Museum, Daniel Libeskind took the podium and ran away with it. Before a standing-room-only crowd, the diminutive American architect delivered a stream-of-consciousness speech that was more free-style rap than explanation of his designs for the museum's new \$200-million facility. In fact, he barely mentioned the ROM at all. Instead, the museum's modernizer (and proud winner of the universe's best-known architectural commission, the World Trade Center site in New York City), spent his 45-minute talk addressing the con-

spectation gathering in one long, breathless sentence. That sentence filled with music, memory, and, of course, the meaning of life—carefully flitting from one subject to the next without seeming to explore any of them. There was the perfume scene that the man's mind simply moves too fast to be contained by an audience's fund of general knowledge, and Libeskind does not contradict. If the world is as well-reflected, it would be reasonable to question whether he knows the meaning of the word.

Despite most of his talk being located in



Models for Libeskind's WTC 'Memory Foundations' project and, top, Toronto's ROM. The architect is an old-fashioned architect, sitting in a corporate office in a penthouse—the one on the street



the Alpha Centauri regions of far-out academic discourse, the crowd liked him. He got laughs when he jotted ideas in conversation he'd had with French philosopher Jacques Derrida, notes when discussing how Frank Lloyd Wright's Guggenheim Museum fundamentally altered architecture in New York, and the thoughtful silence when touching on why his design for the Jewish Museum in Berlin was a shattered Moses David, the six pointed star on the torch flag. It was a stunning display of intellectual prowess. It was also terribly confusing, but that didn't seem to matter to very

much. That his audience craved with him a measure of the man's chaos, and also apella to his new-found social status. Daniel Libeskind is famous now—not just a little famous, a lot famous.

Clad in his signature black overalls, wraparound French glasses and cowboy boots ("I bought them because they were good-proof I was in Montana, they were comfortable I never got out of them"), he reduced self-assurance in the podium. And why not? This is his moment. He knows it. "You have to be lucky to be doing whatever it is that is interesting to you," Libeskind

says in a light Eastern European accent that betrays his Polish birth. "I often tell my students, 'Don't worry about success. Do what you love and you will succeed because you will always be doing what you love to do.'"

On Wednesday, May 26, the ROM boasts ground for the reconstruction of the Michael A. Lee-Chen Crystal building. Libeskind's jagged structure looks like an iceberg, and will envelop portions of the heritage buildings in sharp shards of steel and glass. Hence, he was inspired by the ROM's crystal collections, and sketched his first plan for the building on napkins from the museum's restaurant. Construction of Libeskind's Crystal is slated for completion by December 2005, and will generate both 48,000 sq. ft. of new exhibit space and a publicity idea. The ROM hopes that the refurbishing, which also includes renovating the existing buildings by the end of 2006, will attract some 1.6 million visitors per year, more than double its current attendance.

Although previously distinguished in architectural circles, Libeskind hit the celebrity jackpot on Feb. 26, 2003, when his firm, Skidmore, Davis and Libeskind, which he operates with his Ottawa-born wife, Nina, was selected by New York's Lower Manhattan Development Corporation in the design team of the new World Trade Center site. That announcement vaulted his name into the pantheon of architects who are common cocktail party fodder, like Michael van der Balch or Gehry. Libeskind's WTC design, called "Memory Foundations," features New York's tallest building (1,776 feet—a reference to America's year of independence) while retaining the seven-story "footprint" left by the original buildings. And it's a gesture of faith the same conversation with Frank Gehry, the Toronto-born architect who is currently working on an extension for the Art Gallery of Ontario, enjoyed after completing his Guggenheim Museum in Bilbao, Spain.

At the ROM lecture, museum president William Tennant noted that the museum had picked Libeskind to lead the museum's buildings out of their former life just as it was their past modern facade mostly gone to the day before the architect moved from New York. "It creates a moment that is unique, that is a beacon, a magnet, a destination, will have a huge impact on the identity and memory of America," the 57-year-old architect says. "People will come. Land values will go up. Suddenly, it's a ques-

turn leap." Thornell agrees. "You'll come back in 2005 or 2006, and have the sense that we have one of the world's great museums here. And you're going to be in one of the world's most interesting architectural environments, no question about it."

Both the ROM's gleeful redesign and the construction at Ground Zero are political hot buttons. Where the former entails a drastic overhaul of one of Canada's premier cultural institutions, the latter memorializes the destruction of the Twin Towers. Core architecture inevitably polarizes public debate, and Libeskind's audacious designs have led some critics to foam at the mouth. In a *Globe and Mail* column last year, Ray Conlogue wrote that the Crystal, although "undeniably beautiful" is "actually more closely related to Goddard's" and that "it breathes disrespect, it seems to actively defile [the old ROM]. It is an up-looking for more eyes." In February, New York Times architecture critic Herbert Muschup dismissed the WTC design as "murder" and "irrevocably trashy."

Earlier this month, the Ground Zero design was subject to a stinging attack from architect Eli Azaia, who, in an interview with the *New York Times*, called it "a national embarrassment." Azaia, who had his own plans for the site, noted that one of Libeskind's central elements—the "Wedge of Light," which was supposed to illuminate a plaza at the site between 8:44 a.m. and 10:28 a.m. each Sept. 11 (commemorating the period from when the first plane hit to when the second tower crumbled)—would actually be shadowed by buildings. In an Internet scroll called "The nine lies of Daniel Libeskind," Azaia writes: "Rather than opening death with life, Libeskind's Wedge of Light at Ground Zero uses a perpetual roofspace foral-Qaeda's [sic] last word: Shadow conquering the light." Libeskind responded by admitting that shadows would encroach across the plaza, and that he had never intended to give any impression otherwise.

The architect has never shied away from projects that are potentially explosive as evoking what purging gas, and he's known for his politically delicate interpretation as the contemporary culture in the Victoria and Albert Museum in London (his "Spies") to a contemporary, steel-and-ceramic edifice connected by bridges to the V & A's ancient reserved buildings), and the Jewish Museum, whose design emphasizes the



Libeskind's Jewish Museum in Berlin, the architect, with his wife, Nina, and daughter, Rachel, who born to a Polish father who lost 15 members of his family in the Holocaust

Third Reich's Jewish genocide. Libeskind, who is Jewish, spent the first two decades of his professional career teaching architecture. The Jewish Museum in Berlin was the late Moshe's first building—he designed it when he was 43.

Born in Lodz, Poland, Libeskind is the

son of Holocaust survivors. His parents left Europe in 1937, settling briefly in Israel before moving to New York. "My father once counted that we lost 15 people to the Holocaust in his family," Libeskind says. Berthel Jewish Museum—its frightening, stoic, fortress-like, and end-on-its-side

ture—opened to the public in Sept. 10, 2006, attracting over 200,000 visitors in its first two months. Many of Libeskind's New York colleagues had travelled to Germany for the ceremony and were grounded in the no-flight aftermath of the attacks on the U.S. "I have deep connections to New York," Libeskind says. "My brother-in-law worked for the Port Authority for 30 years in that town. I went to school at Cooper Union, right next to the towers. My father worked right next to the towers for 15 years. As I watched it, it wasn't something abstract—it was something that happened far away to some other people. It happened to me."

Noting the emotional resonance between the Holocaust and 9/11, Nina Libeskind says that for her husband, "[the Jewish Museum] was not an intellectual project. Likewise, as a New Yorker, when he went down into the pit to look at Ground Zero, he instantly understood what he wanted to do—complex."

Libeskind lives in Toronto—also not deep. Earlier this year he was named the Frank Gehry International Visiting Chair at the University of Toronto, where he also taught in the '70s. His wife is the daughter of NDP co-founder David Lewis and sister of Stephen Lewis, the former Ontario NDP leader who now works for the UN in Africa. The couple jokes that they are "wedded at the hip" and is often compared in the press to Mike Myers' "Spaced" character from Saturday Night Live—Nina also wears all-black ensembles, though her hair is slightly shorter than her husband's and her job description is vastly different. She separates the stark contrasts, whose political diatribes and, she says, "where Daniel laughing." They will soon be based in New York, and have three children, two sons in their 20s and a teenage daughter. "I'll tell you a funny story," Libeskind says. "We were having lunch with [New York] Governor Pataki and Mr. Seymour, the head of the Port Authority. The governor said to Mr. Seymour, 'So are you negotiating a contract with Mr. Libeskind?' and he said, 'No, that would have been easy. I'm going to be arm wrestling with Nina.' And the Governor says, 'I know.'"

Nina embraces the sense that her husband is the visionary while she's the more practical one. "Our sons will call him up from around the world just to discuss one line from a poem by Emily Dickinson. After 10 minutes, I say, 'You could have bought

20 books for that price.' He's like that: our office also, I swear to you. He'll be talking about door handles, or how the wall fits the floor, or baseboards, and suddenly he'll discuss a manuscript of Proust. That's the way he thinks about architecture. That's the way he thinks about the world."

'YOU COULD NOT be an architect if you wanted to focus on the negative, because architecture is always about the positive'

For Libeskind, issues he's moved, and accountable, to the public. "I'm not sure I made the old-fashioned architect, sitting behind a big desk in a corporate office in a penthouse—I'm on the street," he says. "At the same time, I have to deliver a project with integrity, which is responsibility for. No one ever composed a symphony by a team. It's not like Beethoven's Fifth Symphony by having 10 people around a

table saying what it should be."

The most unshakable criticism Libeskind considers is that he does much very well, an unfortunate association for a man so swept in evening buildings that house public life. Although he's working on several projects that don't commemorate great events—a shopping mall in Switzerland, a media center in Hong Kong—the architect has been typified. The fame he earned from the success of the Jewish Museum in Berlin, his Imperial War Museum North in Manchester, England, and the WTC commission is a double-edged sword.

He knows the too, and asks again: "Architecture is not about death at all," he says. "It's to show hope! Out of death is creation, not the darkness, to show that his humanity not only survives but that humanity can come out of it with a new understanding and a new will to live, and tell him life! You could not be an architect if you wanted to focus on the negative, because architecture is always about the positive. It's about reflection, construction, making something. That's the root of the word 'poetry.' It means 'to make something.'"

PICTURE The War Amps



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BATTLING FOR CANADA

A D-Day vet makes history in France, again

GARTH WEBB recounts his fundraising odyssey with them and his vision, as if he had everything to do with it. But the story of the D-Day vet generated \$30 million to create a memorial and education centre celebrating Canada's contribution to the Second World War takes his measure. After all, negotiating a land deal, choosing an architectural firm, overseeing the construction, developing the content and searching out an innovative curator took hard work and organization. And fundraising, commissions, acknowledgments and three levels of the French and Canadian governments for donations—all for a site 6,500 km away in the Normandy town of Caudebec-sur-Mer. In fact, it is clear that the man spearheading the Jura Beach Centre, which Jean Charest opens on June 6, the 59th anniversary of the D-Day invasion, has steered the venture from start to finish with nerve and skill.

It seemed so simple at first. In 1996, having

visited Jura Beach—the code name for the coastal area assigned to Canadian forces on D-Day—Webb, now 84, and his partner Lisa Cooper realized Canadians lacked a “proper recognition” of their wartime role. “There was nothing to tell the story,” he explains, “such as they do at Vimy.” After all, covering an area once an American war zone, where those Canadian regiments landed, the couple began to hatch a plan. “We thought this is crazy,” says the retired real estate appraiser. “We’ll buy this restaurant and Conrad Black or somebody will come along and take this thing over.”

For a while, it was simple. Back home in Burlington, Ont., Webb and Cooper and two dozen volunteers formed the Canada Normandy Association. An initial fundraising program drew lots of publicity. For \$250, donors could buy a brick with a family name on it that would be featured in the then yet-to-be-built facility. When no phre-

neering \$10 million wasn't exactly the “Vimy” Webb first thought it would be

dropes popped up to the plate, they turned first to the federal government, landing \$389,000. (Subsequent grants brought Ottawa's total to \$3 million.) And, in 1998, the mayor of Caudebec-sur-Mer offered them a prime beachfront property. They sealed the deal with champagne and a kiss. But after two years, the town council failed to ratify the mayor's valley. “They really didn't want us,” says Webb. “They wanted an obligatory” timberland but not dedicated, Webb and his cohorts made another foray—this time successfully—into nearby Caudebec-sur-Mer, where Canadians became the first Allied troops to secure their D-Day objectives.

Meanwhile, in Canada, Webb's efforts continued to pay off. Wal-Mart Canada came on board, raising \$1.5 million—yes, eventually, did four provinces and numerous municipal governments. He had a brief chat with Prime Jean Chrétien before the Ottawa premier announced his support last fall. “I could see his speech over his shoulder,” says Webb. “There was the amount we were expecting, \$500,000, raised out, with \$1 million return on top. I couldn't believe it.”

The fundraising feat, however impressive, is a testament to Webb's personal journey, getting the story of Canada and the Second World War out to later generations—and adding it from the western perspective. The centre, Webb explains, is a site just above the Normandy invasion, but not where the Canadians were like at the time and all the significant naval, air force and land battles. A “children's oasis,” in which a computer-generated boy and girl interact with visitors, narrates the adult-oriented displays. And within a few weeks of the opening, kids in Canada will be able to access the site's content—and much more—on the Internet.

Despite his tremendous commitment, Webb insists he's not the best candidate to tell the D-Day story. He was a 35-year-old reinforcement officer with the 14th Field Regiment on June 6, 1944, when some 14,000 Canadians stormed the French coast. In charge of fear six men gun crews under heavy artillery fire, he had little time to consider his surroundings and reactions. Webb has no dramatic stories to recount, he says, because “I was too busy getting organized to see much.” Then, in 1996, he was clearly playing his strong suit.



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THE CANNES MATRIX

In the unreality of the Riviera, Hollywood and high art coexist

THIS YEAR I came to Cannes early. A few days before the festival's opening night, this pretty resort town—where female cops direct traffic in skirts and high heels—is awaiting the onslaught. The Croisette, 15 kilometers promenade, will be soon be jammed with people who appear to be talking to themselves but are actually speaking into tiny cellphones. For now the place is eerily deserted. A gold-painted mine with a movie camera inside frozen in a statue pose for an imaginary crowd, is flanked in a cross-referenced. On a chaise by the sea, a topless Frenchwoman of a certain age can herself into a widow.

Over the next couple of days, I watch the festival literally spit out the seed. Remy's white pavilion with Barry Quenn roots are built into place on the beach, forming an international bazaar where films will be bought and sold. The old with of the movie Carlini (1967), that inside clear of mosaic, andaped with emerald banners for The Matrix Reloaded, vertical strips of green and black that are unfurled like some strange display of Zen-facet heraldry. And the elegant hotel entrance is framed with a red carpeted billboard for *Yves Saint Laurent: The First Look*.

Cannes may be the world's annual summit of independent cinema, but with 4,000 journalists in attendance, the Hollywood machine likes to make its presence felt. And in this summer of angels and action superheroes, America's warlike icons are out in force. Arnold, Clint, Van Damme—and Keanu, that mild-mannered Canadian sage—have all made the pilgrimage to the Riviera (although Keanu was here as an actor, not an acting action hero). Only weeks ago, as war raged in Iraq, America was France in the parish of the Western world, naming an entire country into a talk-show joke. But now Arnold Schwarzenegger, a staunch Republican, is the guest of honor at a Sony/MTV event in a French chateau. The beauty of a pop culture that lives in an eternal present, with no sense of history is that



Moss and Reeves looked fabulous on opening night, but didn't have much to say afterward

it's quick to forgive and forget.

As various Hollywood luminaries feed the media in Cannes, they were inevitably asked about the strained relations between France and America. Each time the response was baffled denial. Asked if he'd felt any tension, Keanu Reeves offered a quizzical smile. "Personally I haven't, but I just go here. Can-

cans and a film festival should be a place to celebrate art and harmony." Director Steven Soderbergh, a member of the Cannes jury, insisted that nothing could have stopped him from coming. Being on the jury, and seeing the festival "from behind the curtain," he said, was a therapy he'd had 14 years, ever since his first feature, sex, lies and videotape.

was the *Palme d'Or*. And jury colleague Meg Ryan, with tired eyes and remarkably plump lips, reminisced about first coming to Cannes as a young backpacker and sleeping on the beach. "I'm here as a student," she said, "and I'm looking forward to seeing movies that I wouldn't see in the States."

No kidding. The 20 films in competition may include future Oscar winners—like last year's *Palme d'Or* winner, *The Piano*. And promising movies this year include *Dogville*, starring Nicole Kidman, Clint Eastwood's *My Darling Clementine*, and *Les Destinées* (The French of *dir. Barthes*) by Quebec's Denis Arcand. But at least half the competition titles will never reach the multiplex. With galling slight of hand, Cannes feeds the starstruck machine while fanning the ghostly flame of pure cinema.

And what makes this place unique is that it presents the illusion of a level playing field. Just as *Samuel Beckett* is awarded the same red-carpet procession, flanked with a French honour guard, as Keanu Reeves. In the real world, of course, there's no contest: Hollywood rules. But Cannes is a grand countermeasure. It creates its own matrix, a buoyantly artificial world where everyone pretends that art matters as much as commerce, and where anything seems possible. In one day, you can swing from sheer cynicism to absolute enchantment. Take the second day of the festival.

We begin with an 8:30 a.m. screening of *The Matrix Reloaded*, which is playing out of competition. I try my best to be thrilled by the state-of-the-art fight choreography, computer effects and set design. And there's much to marvel at. This computerized *Star Wars* is a lobotomized spectacle for the digital age, a pageant of holy war personified by Philosophy 101 lessons about free will and determinism—De Mille meets Hegel on a high-fashion runway. But it's like watching a machine. And the audience looks numb, with none of the spontaneous screams of delight that greeted the Cannes premiere of *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon* three years ago. The only noise came from a gasp from the crowd as Lambert Wilson's drill parody of a stabby French resistance group (Reeves) a Cannes lecture on "violence."

After the screening, hundreds of journalists unpack a press conference attended by *The Matrix Reloaded* cast and crew. It's ridiculous. There are 15 people on the dais, everyone except the director, the Wachowskis



All dressed up, Cannes is sometimes too gay. Ryan (left), a judge, is excited to see "movies that I wouldn't see in the States," while Cray is starring in an intriguing remake of a French farce

brothers, who are labouring on *The Matrix Revolutions* (due out Nov. 5)—and have named themselves into cult figures by declaring all media. In August Laurence Fishburne (*Ma-phu*) punned most of the questions aimed at the cast, while Reeves and Canadian co-star Carrie-Anne Moss remain virtually mute. Reeves appears to be suspended in "bullet time," deflecting questions with deadpan nonchalance. Asked if there has ended his privacy, he pauses. "No." Another pause. "Not really, the answer is no."

It's enough to make you ask the question

that permeates *The Matrix Reloaded*: why am I here? But this is how the day ends—sipping out of a chateau to see a full moon rise over the Mediterranean, any equilibrium with tears. I've just seen *Purely Blue* (the film) (Keanu). Directed by Mulholland, a 23-year-old woman, a close to the director of *War*, in post-Fishburne Keanu. A girl who needs off to school in a horse-drawn cart against her father's wishes, his father of being president of Afghanistan. A young man often to take campaign photos. Meanwhile, there's no voice, food or shelter. The girl's sister

displays a baby-dying, of starvation. A stray emerges from the barren landscape so gently as a blue bird being lifted from the girl's face. The story arrives to a vanishing point in the desert, a primal place where metaphor, poetry and politics fuse with a slow, searing flame. Each frame is composed with heart-breaking economy, and terrible beauty.

Then, passing from desert to beach, you step back into the "real world" of Cannes, the glitzing Martini on the Mediterranean, where even the moon looks fake. Fellini would feel at home here. And this year, the 50th anniversary of his death, the festival is dedicated to his spirit. Cannes officially unrolling "under the sign of Fellini," as if Italy's sentimental narcissist has been contained in a suit of the modern. A big screen is set up on the beach for public showings of his movies, from *Amarcord* to *8½*. And Fellini's soundtrack music is piped all along the Croisette, creating the ambience of an imaginary Disney World. Another ghost in attendance: Charlie Chaplin. He's being honored with a new documentary, and a retrospective capped by a restored version of *Modern Times*—the original rise of the Machine.

Now in its 56th year, Cannes clings to the romance of a phantom cinema, the *défilé* into a golden age. Settling the retro taste, the festival opened with a remake of a 53-year-old French classic, *Rainfall in Taipei*. This week's backlist collection, which starts Philippe Garès, is a puff poetry of martial arts masquerading without a single special effect, or original idea—a film that proves the French can make imitating nonsense as well as the Americans.

As cinema cannibalizes its past, we live in a world of remakes and sequels. The remake is the more dignified approach—witness *Sodebough's* *Conan's* *Reborn* and *Selena*. But with franchises consuming the market, sequels have become the safe currency. And this summer is seeing a record number of them—*X-2*, *X-Men United*, *Terminator 3*, *Charlie's Angels: Full Throttle*, *Legally Blonde 2*, *Bad Boys II*, and *Her* *Tommy Stinson*, *Diary of a Wimpy Kid*.

In Cannes, however, there is a dignified sequel to competition. No one could accuse *Amarcord* of quickly eating in on *The Decline of the American Empire*. He took 37 years to make *Pierrot*. And as it promises this week, with the title alone—*Amarcord* of the Berlusconi—he already has the last word on the future spectacle that is Cannes.



A TRIUMPH OF CINEMATIC STYLE OVER SUBSTANCE

There is a telling moment in *The Matrix Revolutions* when our slightly dazed hero, Neo (Keanu Reeves), is beating the pants off the film's single bad guy, Agent Smith (Hugo Weaving). In the second installment of *The Matrix* trilogy, the funeral-suited thug has the ability to replicate himself, and so Neo must clear out his way through hundreds of Agent Smiths, and when Neo's fought-free-tour-around, stylish sunglasses still perched on his nose—he realizes that his assailants are up for another round. And although that's de rigueur in sci-fi action flicks, what's remarkable is that in the background, one of the Agent Smiths takes time to straighten his tie. Hey—if you're trying to kill Keanu, you want to look good.

Like its predecessor, *Revolutions* favors style over substance. Everyone wears the sort of clothes Chicago animators might design to be influenced by feudal Japan and level chiseled black minicuts. The explosions look great. The stark cities, filthy vehicles and hot sex scenes look great, too. Morpheus (Laurence Fishburne), Trinity (Carrie-Anne Moss) and Neo (Keanu Reeves) still go soley. As soleyed that Andy and Larry Wachowski, the series' writer-directors, could successfully market a *Matrix* movie as a follow-up. Don't think it could happen.

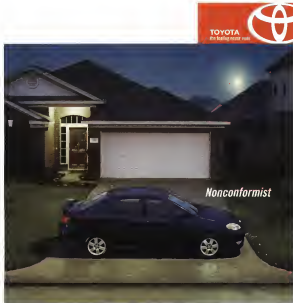
The film takes place in the year 2155—maybe. Nobody's too sure because evil robots have taken over most of mankind's flesh-and-blood batteries. The machines keep people oblivious with "the Matrix," a virtual-reality simulator that tricks them into believing they're living their lives when they're actually enslaved

A strong theme and enough religious overtones to give the illusion of depth

In futuristic pods of rose-colored goo. The few remaining free-range humans live in a city called Zion and most the mechanical empire. As *Revolutions* begins, 250,000 robots are poised to destroy the rebel city. Having put up with enough of this nonsense, Neo, Morpheus and Trinity attempt to destroy the machines by accessing the Matrix's mainframe. There's a cliffhanger ending the series' final film, *The Matrix Revolutions*, comes out in November.

With enough robot-to-robot-Matrix-bro from being of courses into Zion's internal politics, *Revolutions* also includes several new characters. There is the *Matrix* version of *Lambert Wilson*, a dandy who claims that curing in *Revolutions* is like "wiping your ass with a hot" (the *Matrix* sex bomb *Persephone* (Monica Bellucci), and the *Twins* (Adam and Neil Rogenberg), *Matrix* characters with island backdrops. On the *Matrix* performance is a repeat of last time. Fishburne makes a majestic Morpheus, Moss acts like she's not sure what movie she's in, and Reeves turns in a story line—exactly what the port calls for.

Revolutions is a dazzling summer blockbuster, and it contains just enough religious mumbo-jumbo to provide the illusion of depth. That said, it's more a musical than a drama—the song-and-dance numbers are set to gunfire, and the *Matrix* owes everything to *Ashe* martial-arts choreography. The plot may be hokey and the acting overwrought, but you'll leave the theater grinning all the same. JOHN HAN COHEN



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HELL IN THE TRENCHES, PURGATORY ON LEAVE

In *The Sojourn*, novelist Alan Cumyn cuts to the mystery at the heart of the Great War

FOR ALL its drama, the First World War is not an easy subject to write about. First of all, it's been done. Anyone doing it is working under some very long shadows, from All Quiet on the Western Front to Pat Barker's brutal writing, *The Ghost Road*. Then there are the difficult ways in which the war is memorialized in ancient cultural DNA. For Europeans the Great War is not seen as an immense system of self-destruction, more like the Black Death than any other armed struggle. In the U.S., by contrast, it's the Civil War that occupies that traumatic spot in the national memory; the First World War barely scratches the surface.

In Canada, though, the war is seen as both a slaughterhouse—the grave of more than 68,000 soldiers—and the crucible of the nation, a grim aside on the road from sailing to independence. Any Canadian writer tackling the Great War who didn't realize the profound and ambiguous place it holds in our mythology would soon learn, agrees Alan Cumyn, author of *The Sojourn* (McClelland & Stewart). "People would ask me what I was working on, and I'd tell them," the well-known 43-year-old from Ottawa says of his seventh novel, "and then they'd tell me about their grandfather or great-uncle."

Cumyn's own family was key to *Sojourn*, a beautifully written novel covering three weeks in the life of Pvt. Ramsey Cronin in 1916. Beginning in the trenches, the book follows Ramsey on a detour, 70-day leave in London, and then back to the war. Many plot details come from the experiences of Cumyn's great-uncles, including the wrenching epilogue of his grandfather's brother George. Dazed by the shelling, George muttering about in no man's land where a voice from the enemy lines asked him where he was from. "Was over island?" repeated the voice in flawless English. "Did you ever fish the Chemsus River?" After George replies, the voice—which turned out to belong to a fighting German rebel who had spent

years on the island—continued: "Well, if you stay down, and work your way towards me, you might just live to fish the Chemsus River again." The did.

"There are so many great stories from the war," Cumyn says. "That's why it deserves revisiting, why every generation has to deal with it." But the novelist isn't interested in a broad-brush portrait. "I focus on individual experience. I was intrigued by the idea of taking someone to London and seeing what would happen. Men who wrote about trench life in great detail in their journals were always underestimating the losses." Sex and drinking fit in as part of the reason for the disconnect, but the need for oblivion was finally by something else—a disconnect, greater than that found in any other war, between front-line and home-front experiences.

In London, Cronin is sorely disoriented. The author's riveting account of life at the front helps explain bonds between soldiers

The author's riveting account of life at the front helps explain bonds between soldiers



by the peaceful life of the city, the flowers in the parks, the comedies in the theatres. Although he's accused of human-war crimes, Margaret, Cronin—blinded beyond his own understanding by his experiences—is an able to explain to her that he, too, hates the war, but loves his comrades. He has to return. "We are here for each other, because of each other," he later writes her.

Cumyn means for the London leave to be the heart of his novel, but he's not entirely successful. In part that's because the author hedges his character development—telling readers more than showing them, for instance, that Margaret had "spins, quiet intelligence and grace." But the real reason the middle section doesn't dominate *Sojourn* is Cumyn's writing opening—an account of Cronin and his fellow in a brutal hell of mud, corpses, exhaustion, anger, constant shelling and bone-crushing blows. Proud as breakfast speed, and covering only a few days in May, it offers the whole war in minutes, shooting—brilliantly—how the small of experience forged soldiers' bonds.

From the perspective of almost a century later, even the Great War's finest historians increasingly find it a boring spectacle, a kind of *unwieldy* end to a century of war. "If we could understand its losses, as well as its gains," John Keegan concludes in *The First World War*, "we would be nearer to understanding the mystery of human life." In *The Sojourn*, Cumyn's art lays those losses bare.

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Over to You | BY DANIEL YOUNG



THE MYSTERY OF BIG RED

Who was he? What happened to him?
Some questions you can never answer.

MY FRIEND used to call him Big Red, because he wore several shades over so feet tall and his face was always flushed. But neither my friend nor I knew much about him, really. We knew that he was quite thin and always seemed to be walking the streets of Ottawa's Glebe district in his navy-blue raincoat and baseball cap. We never heard him speak much. We knew most were owners tolerated him and let him alone when he went in to browse around, even though I don't remember ever seeing him buy anything. He said that, it was pretty much speculation and rumors, so it is with most of the regulars on our city streets—if we notice them at all.

Big Red's flushed face made him look like he was a heavy drinker, but he never gave the appearance of being drunk. There was certainly no loitering party bag poking out of his pocket, nor did he look for my handouts with which to buy alcohol. Maybe he was simply seasoned from all the time he spent out of doors. We figured Big Red probably had a place somewhere, because he was always clean-shaven and reasonably neat, but chose to wander up and down the streets of the Glebe, following the same route every day, looking in the same window and going into the same stores. Most people were so used to seeing him that they didn't give him much thought. However, I do remember a man once or twice offering him a cup of coffee on occasion, sometimes something to eat.

Someone told me that Big Red had been a musical pioneer, and one of the last in Ottawa to have received a lobotomy. By the time I first saw him, the psychiatric profession wasn't doing lobotomies anymore, preferring instead to use drugs to medicate away whatever symptoms society—and sometimes the patient—wished to suppress. This man was old enough, however, to have had that invasive brain surgery. Although I'd never met anyone who'd had the operation, I had my impression about what it might do to a person. I certainly thought it explained how withdrawn Big Red was, and why he seemed to do simple things over

and over again. Mind you, it also could explain his behavior, and all I had to go on was conjecture and what I had heard second- or third-hand. The lobotomy maneuver, however, seemed just unusual enough for it to have some credibility.

Big Red could read. At least, I remember seeing him occasionally standing in Berenson's Book Shop, looking through newspapers. On the other hand, he might have just been interacting what he saw or was doing. That seemed more likely to me, somehow, as though he were finding a way to passify his being there, rather than satisfying his curiosity about what was on the printed page.

I never saw Red with any friends, so I figured he lived a very lonely life. Maybe that explained why he spent so much time walking the streets, visiting some of the stores of the Glebe. He was as dependable as the real corner, though much less conspicuous. If he was lonely, he did little to reach out for companionship. Maybe he wasn't able to anymore. I would have spoken to him myself, but I was intimidated because he



always looked so stern. I hope just being people around was enough for him.

On the rare occasions I heard Big Red talk, I was always surprised to hear him speaking very properly and sensibly. I don't know why I expected anything different, but we do pass judgments, don't we? Red's voice was as deep and masculine as I'd expected, however I'd guessed that much right.

I occasionally saw Red waiting for a bus, usually at the corner of Bank and Pains, and usually for his going toward downtown Ottawa. That's why I figured he probably lived somewhere in the centre of the city, but found the small-town atmosphere of the Glebe in Ottawa's south end less harmful and more accepting of his eccentricity. I don't remember whether he had a bus pass, used tokens or paid a cash fare. Actually, I wouldn't have been surprised if the driver recognized him and just let him ride gratis. The bus drivers certainly would have been used to seeing him, and if they'd heard the stories that I'd heard, and engaged in the same sort of speculation as I had, they wouldn't have been likely to insist on his paying—unless that seemed to be something he wanted to do. Would that be peevishness, or shabbiness? Perhaps both?

I only saw him walking the streets of the Glebe for about two years, but apparently Big Red had become a fixture in the area several years before I saw him. We get busy with our lives and often miss what's right in front of us, so I don't remember when he stopped coming. One day, I just noticed that something was missing. Big Red wasn't there. Not then, and not any time since. I don't know what happened to Big Red. But I have doubts, just as I had about who he was and what he was doing when I saw him walking the streets. That was over 34 years ago. I live on the east end of Ottawa now, but I still do my thinking in the Glebe. Red had been such a presence there that I can't return to my old neighborhood without thinking of him. Occasionally I walk around and remember about what the area was like when I lived there. Berenson's Book Shop had always been part of the Glebe and it shut down last year. It has since re-opened under new management, but when the original shop closed, I remember how Berenson had become one of the stores that Big Red felt he could visit.

Daniel Young is an Ottawa freelance writer. To contact him, write to dan@youngdaniel.ca.

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CLOSINGNOTES



PEOPLE | 68
Making upsets the Atlantic way
Pete Perle thinks travel is to be feared yet, again, to play a protector at Shedd's City.



NEIGHBOURHOODS | 62
Distilling a new taste of Toronto
Developers have fashioned the former Guelph station & World's grandest arts centre into a new district reminiscent of European cities. With its fascinating history and 19th-century charm, the 1-2-4-6 side is bound to be a popular destination.



Listings | All sorts of arts

THE MARKET
June 6
The latest from one of 100-odd artists
Toronto is releasing its seventh solo effort, *Good Vibes*, at www.themarket.com Toronto.

Festival de théâtre des Amériques
May 29-June 6
The festival features 22 productions from around the world, including *Shakespeare*, a play about progress and the Atlantic age, written by Vancouver's *Marie-Claude* www.festivaltheatre.com Montreal.

Christopher Pratt
April 29-July 7
To celebrate the acquisition of *Suburbs*, featuring a new painting by the Newfoundland-based artist, Down Art Gallery (1400) at the University of the West Indies, other pieces by the artist from its permanent collection www.museumofart.com St. John's, NL.

concert 101
June 7
An all-Indie music performance by the Vancouver Symphony series marks the 50th anniversary of Vancouver's first professional orchestra. The event includes music from the *101* series and *101* www.vancouver-symphony.ca Vancouver.

Art | Good things come in small packages

Support of convenience made in Cybil Young's mind. As a result, the Toronto sculptor—who makes small Japanese paper constructions of everyday urban symbols, including *Falcons*, *Fire hydrants*, *Shoes*, *Chairs* and *Handbags*—has come up with some play full titles for her pieces. Names like, *It's a piece on my desk somewhere* There must be a screw loose and *hammer* to the visual riddles she creates. In *Where is my list?* the artist has attached a tiny paper shopping cart, complete with working wheels, to the bottom of a balloon. The entire piece measures 22 by 6.5 cm and is housed in a picture frame. "I feel free in this little realm," says Young, 30.

In her solo show, *Thy that Cages*, opening at Toronto's Prime Gallery on May 28, the artist (who makes most of her income from art fairs in the United States) displays

Young creates everyday items, like a shopping cart, out of Japanese paper



ing these paper constructions as well as some small bronze sculptures that use the same iconography. Her fascination for all things small started as a child when she would build miniature farms with tin toys. "Being an artist was always a part of my identity," she says. "And my parents would say, 'Of course that's what you can do when you grow up.'" However, even in Young's first year at the Ontario College of Art, she was preoccupied with the notion of a "real" (i.e. financially viable) job. "Then I got pregnant and everything made sense. I thought, 'I have to do an art because if I'm not happy, I'll be a terrible mom'."

Today, her seven-year-old daughter Calder remains a huge inspiration. In fact, Young and her husband David named their child after the American sculptor *Alexander Calder* "more for his philosophy than his art," she explains. "He wasn't an artist of ego. He had a really great sense of play." Ok, to be Young again. **AMY GIBSON**



People | 'Greatest actor in the world' takes an explosive gig

Peter Postlethwaite is one actor who doesn't need the war treatment. "The war of the rule doesn't matter," says the 56-year-old Brit, who has been called "the greatest actor in the world" by Steven Spielberg. "It's about something important, has a purpose and I can lend something to it, then it's worth doing." Which is precisely why he travelled to Halifax last month to spend only two days working on a CBC miniseries. Postlethwaite plays Charles Randall, a prosecuting attorney, in *Shattered City: The Halifax Explosion, 1917* (disney).

The actor with the lived-in face is no stranger to Halifax's salty streets. He shot

both *The Divine Ryans* and *The Shipping News* in the Nova Scotia capital. "There's an attitude over there I really like," he says. "People care passionately about the work but there is a lack of seriousness—an understanding that it's still a film, that we can do the work but have a few giggles along the way."

Next up for Postlethwaite is a tour of Australia with the one-man play, *Scenes from a Marriage*. He'll bring the show to Toronto in October. "It's about a 100-year-old clown on the last night of the millennium who dares to tell the gods what he thinks of them. It's his last throw of the dice," says fondly Postlethwaite's.

JOHN DEMERCO



Film | Just say no to homophobia

Apple and Orange is a 1991 film that shows the subjects of bullying and homophobia at the schools. It's about being teased because she has two moms. And Habib stops hanging out with his skateboarding pal because when he finds out he's gay. But as director Ignasi Vicens's film—for shorts in Grade 4 to 6—the message is clear: "It's not cool to be cruel." *Apple and Orange* screens at the Institute for Toronto's Gay and Lesbian Film and Video Festival on May 25 and can be ordered from www.igvl.ca.

DVDs | Dramatic discs

THE HARIST

(Cineplex, May 23)



The Harist's three-disc collection will take any curiosity about the making of this powerful Oscar-winning movie. There's historical background on the Harist itself, a biography of poet and composer Wilfred Owen, a Q & A with director Brian Koppelman and a fascinating non-documentary that delves into the memories of living in the Harist itself and escaping the fate of the death camps.

BEHIND THE SCENES

(Quanta Video, May 26)



25th Annual Spike Lee's (TV) film in 18 years, we are back in the director's kitchen. "The making of an American filmmaker." Yes, a loving retrospective is a bit predictable for this great work, but it does make the special point.

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ANTHONY FISHER

(20th Century Fox, May 26)



After viewing the DVD, Washington-based director's book, *Anthony Fisher*, about an award-winning filmmaker who has been in the industry for 20 years. He has the talent to make the most of his life. He has the talent to make the most of his life. He has the talent to make the most of his life.

Other May releases include: *Adaptation*, *Talk to Me: The Rebirth and the First Season* of TV's *Book Angel*.

AMY CAMERON AND SHANICE DEER

"I like the idea of a theatre of human drama where it's a sort of a postcard arena and where my function is to blend into the background and just observe people." — Christie Blatchford

"I think I bring a sense of humour that sports really needs. I wouldn't say I don't treat it seriously, but what I'm trying to say is that I don't get immersed in the gravity of sports." — Cam Cole

"I am trying to amuse, to provoke, to point out inconsistencies in the world. I am trying to direct attention to things that maybe aren't being noticed, or put together disparate themes and make people look at the world in a new way." — Anne Kingston



More Blatchford. More Cole. More Kingston.

Read Christie Blatchford on life, Cam Cole on sports, and Anne Kingston on culture & society in *National Post*.



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Neighbourhoods | Come on down to Whiskytown

Toronto has a brand new neighbourhood with a fascinating history. In 1831, British immigrant James Worts purchased 5.2 ha on the banks of Lake Ontario and erected a windmill. By the end of the century the site held the world's largest whisky manufacture, Gooderham & Worts Distillery. Of late, it's become Canada's most popular tourist location, the setting for *X-Files* and *Chicago*. And now, the prime real estate, with its Victorian architecture and historic lane charm, is being prepped for yet another incarnation. "We've always asked ourselves," says John Berman, one of the development partners who purchased the property in 2000 for an estimated \$35 million,

"why hasn't Toronto had a walking district—a little arts community? Europeans own these places, many U.S. cities have them, Vancouver has Granville Island."

On May 32, Berman's firm, Cityscape Development Corp., will award the Distillery Historic District. Forty-four buildings that were once used for smoking, malting, fermenting and the like, will now be filled with galleries, studios, offices, restaurants, one-of-a-kind retail shops and a microbrewery. And as some point there will be a museum that tells the story of the location itself.

Victorian architecture and its rich lanes are part of the Distillery Historic District's charm.

After Words built the windmill, independent law, William Gooderham, arrived from England. The two men built a success empire and expanded the business. In 1834, Worts' wife died in childbirth, the grieving husband committed suicide by jumping into a well. Gooderham, who had 14 children of his own, used Worts' alcohols and took control of the distillery. It was sold in 1923 and later merged with J.M. Seagram & Sons. In 1990 liquor production stopped.

But the past lives on. Earlier this month, a construction worker found an old case of whisky on top of a ceiling beam on the demurring building. "It's in medicine bottles, with cork-on caps, covered in dust," says Berman. "I've never smelled whisky this smooth."

SHARON DALLIS

Books | The agony and the ecstasy of frescoing

In 2006, when Pope John Paul II asked Michelangelo to paint the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, the artist was reluctant to accept. Michelangelo thought of himself primarily as a sculptor, not a painter. Ross King writes in *Michelangelo & the Pope's Ceiling* (Random House), his wonderfully detailed portrait of the making of an artistic masterpiece. Besides, fresco was an extremely hard medium to work with—less than 24 hours, the surface of the fresh plaster became too dry to absorb pigment. Nevertheless, in four years of back-breaking labour, Michelangelo and a dozen assistants covered the 460-sq-m ceiling with what would become some of the most famous images in Western art. The notoriously moody artist even included at least two self-portraits, as Jerome, glowering at the Hebrew prophets, and as the head of Melchizedek, the Aborigine general decapitated by Judith.



BESTSELLERS

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THE HIGH-FLYING LOONIE

Our dollar's rise makes a debate on monetary policy even more crucial

BACK IN THE DAYS of the falling dollar, and predictions that it would hit the 63-cent level, proponents of a common North American currency were often scolded for raising the dead at a time when the Canadian currency was under particular pressure. Respected advocate, Mr. Tom Cousens (senior scholar at the Institute for Research on Public Policy) and Richard Harris (senior Fraser University) argued that a falling dollar was used to bargain national resource exports, even as it made the purchase of machinery or technology from abroad more expensive. Those two effects, they argued, simply played the old, traditional part of the economy off against a new and growing counterpart. That, in turn, created a volatility that brought with it real costs to such areas as corporate planning, attempts to get large industries to locate in Canada and efforts to keep top talent, or lure it from abroad. The minister of Finance and the governor of the Bank of Canada were often publicly dismissed as a very big derivative. A thoughtful paper issued by the C.D. Howe Institute also rejected the notion of any common currency arrangement.

Now the dollar is rising once quickly than expected, driven by more relaxed interest rate policies in the U.S. than Canada and apprehended weakness in the Asian and European economies. So the compelling issues that drove Cousens and Harris when the dollar was weakening are now many times more compelling. The larger question is of degree. How far can Canadian monetary policy afford to be more American policy? How much of a spread can we endure without paying a high price as both the low and high end? Is a currency agreement between members of the North American community preferable to the separate, volatile system now in place?

There is, of course, an important argument to be considered, to the effect that a dilution of monetary sovereignty represents a dilution of our national sovereignty. Five look at the period between 1962 and 1970, when

Canada's monetary policy was based on a fixed exchange rate with the American dollar (at \$2.50 a unit), our real exchange rate with the world was essentially set by the U.S. Federal Reserve and not the Bank of Canada. During that time, as Cousens and Harris have pointed out, Canada initiated some of its most compelling nation-building endeavours at both the federal and provincial levels, including the Canada Pension Plan, post-secondary education, and Quebec's *Crise de l'énergie*. All were extremely Canadian models. Our ability to put them in place was in no way limited by having a fixed exchange rate with the Americans. In some way, our capacity may, in fact, have been enhanced by the stability that the fixed rate helped engender.

Canada is now on the cusp of substantial political transition. A new prime minister will be in place relatively soon, and Canadians will have a chance to get the polls. New leaders for the Alliance, the Conservatives and the NDP will produce a more dynamic political debate than we have seen in 2000. So provincial governments are either in the mid-

dle of elections or close to calling them. Quebec has a new but experienced premier in Jean Charest, who understands the rest of Canada to a degree far surpassing that of most of his predecessors. This all occurs at a time when, in relative terms, the Canadian economy has performed well for some time.

The rising dollar will not only impact productivity issues—leaving the less productive in place to hide—but will also begin to impact medium-term balance-of-trade numbers. The same natural resource exports helped by a lower dollar, perhaps at the expense of other industries, will now see their Canadian costs rising while their American revenues have less relative value.

In the recent past, the Kirby committee on health care served as an outstanding and cost-efficient contribution to the national debate, providing real alternatives and maintaining the single paper model for health care with new freedoms and sensitivities built in affordably. So, too, would a Senate inquiry into monetary policy serve as an extraordinary contribution to the debate that it would bring to the table. It's easy to understand why the governor of the Bank of Canada, whose primary task is the defence of the currency, or competing politicians (who tend to use monetary policy debates about as much as they need to get the polls), wouldn't want to engage on this issue. But that's not true for the country to leave the debate diminished or half done. A careful look at the currency issue, an exploration of various options, ranging from a fixed exchange rate to a currency board to something more like the Euro, and the substance, would be worth while and productive. Debates with strong views, trade and financial-market experts, and representatives of the agricultural, retail and manufacturing sectors, should all be able to reflect on the issue and provide advice.

Canada, a relatively small-market country, dependent on the export of goods and services to sustain its quality of life and gross domestic product. The Canadian dollar is unlikely to be one of the four or five dominant world currencies in 25 years. As a result, open debate, at a time of political transition, makes sense. Putting five minutes off, and hoping it will go away, makes no sense at all.

Hugh Segal is a resident of the Montreal-based Institute for Research on Public Policy. Canadian citizens may contact him at info@seagal.ca.



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